



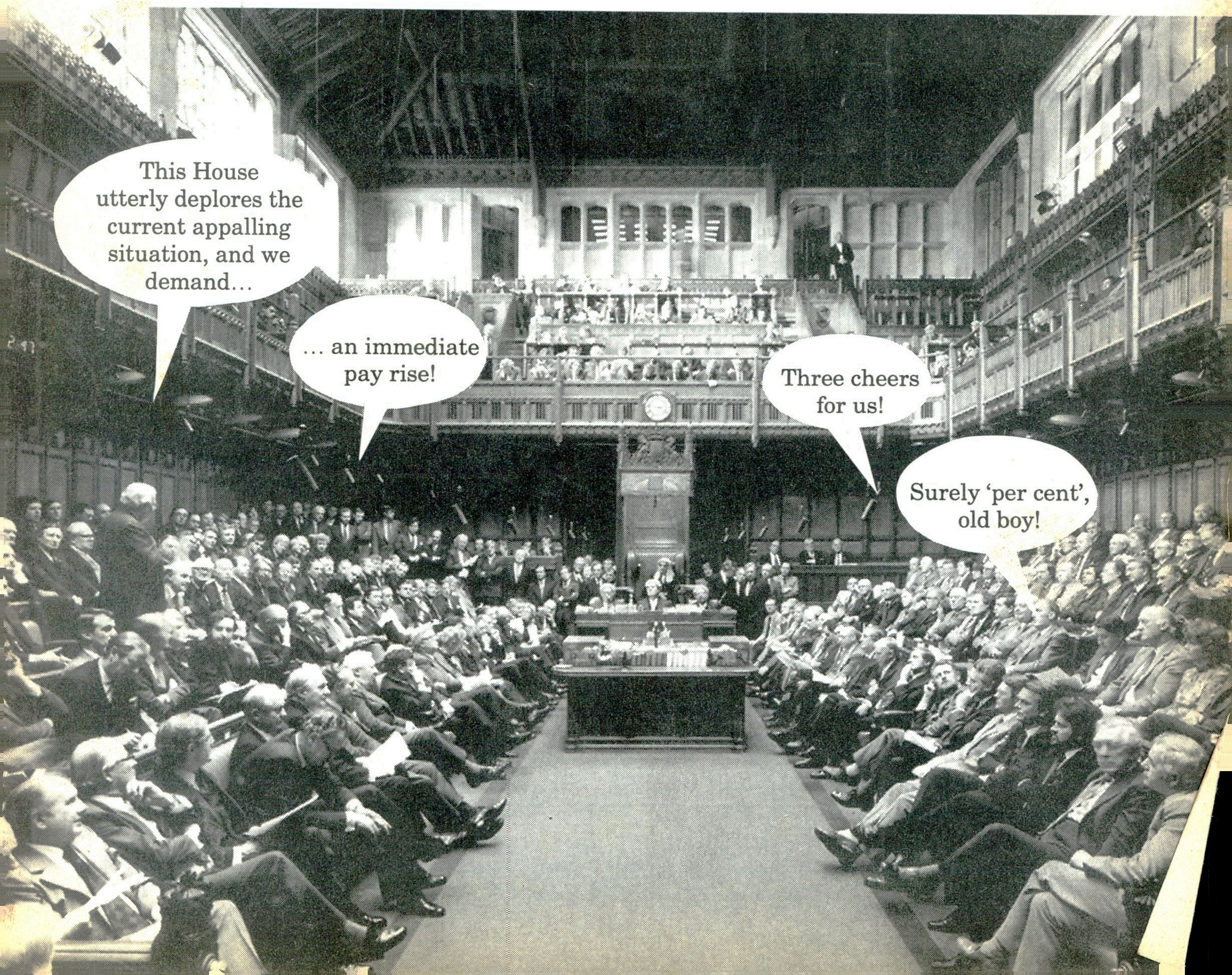
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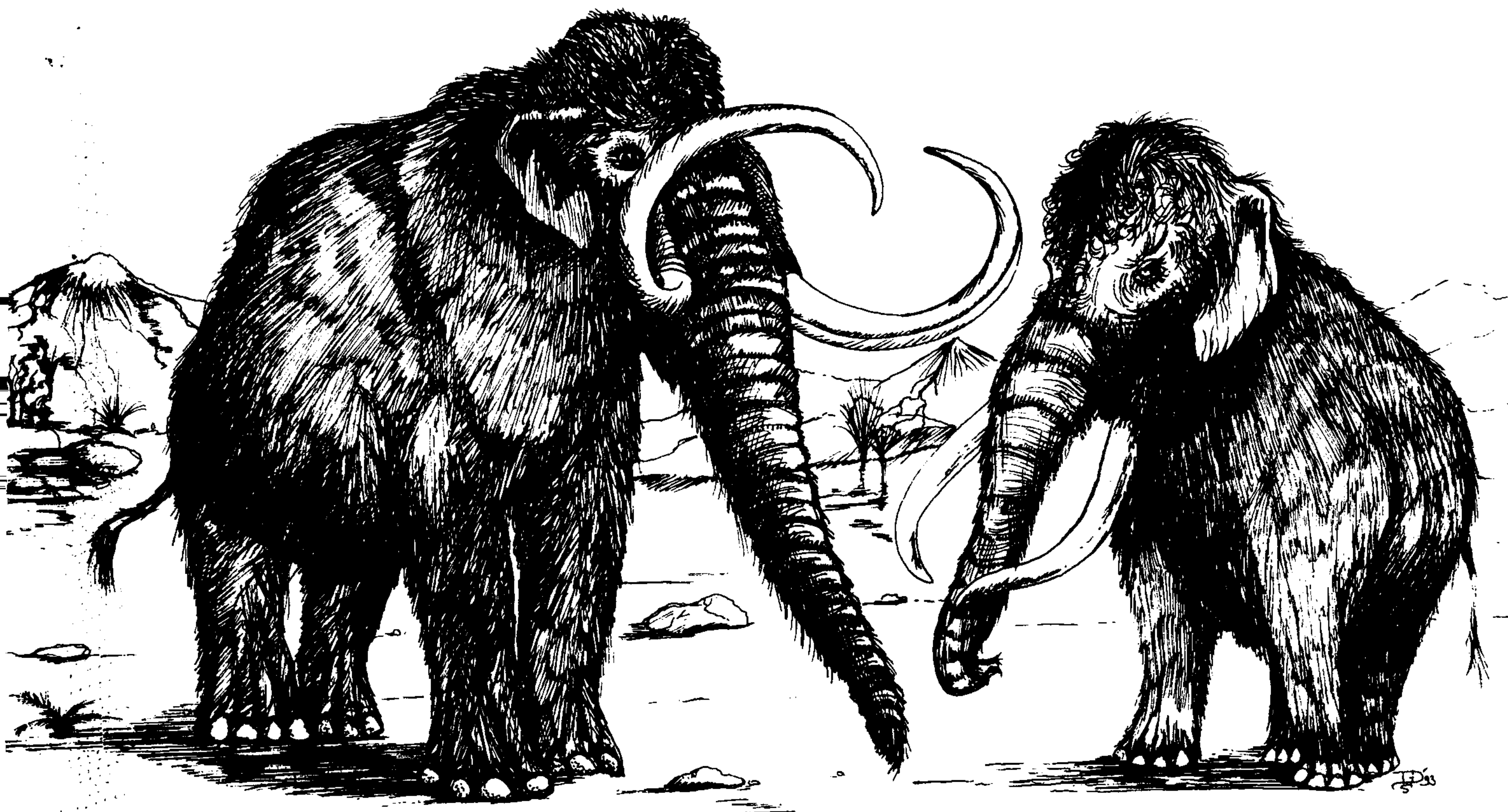
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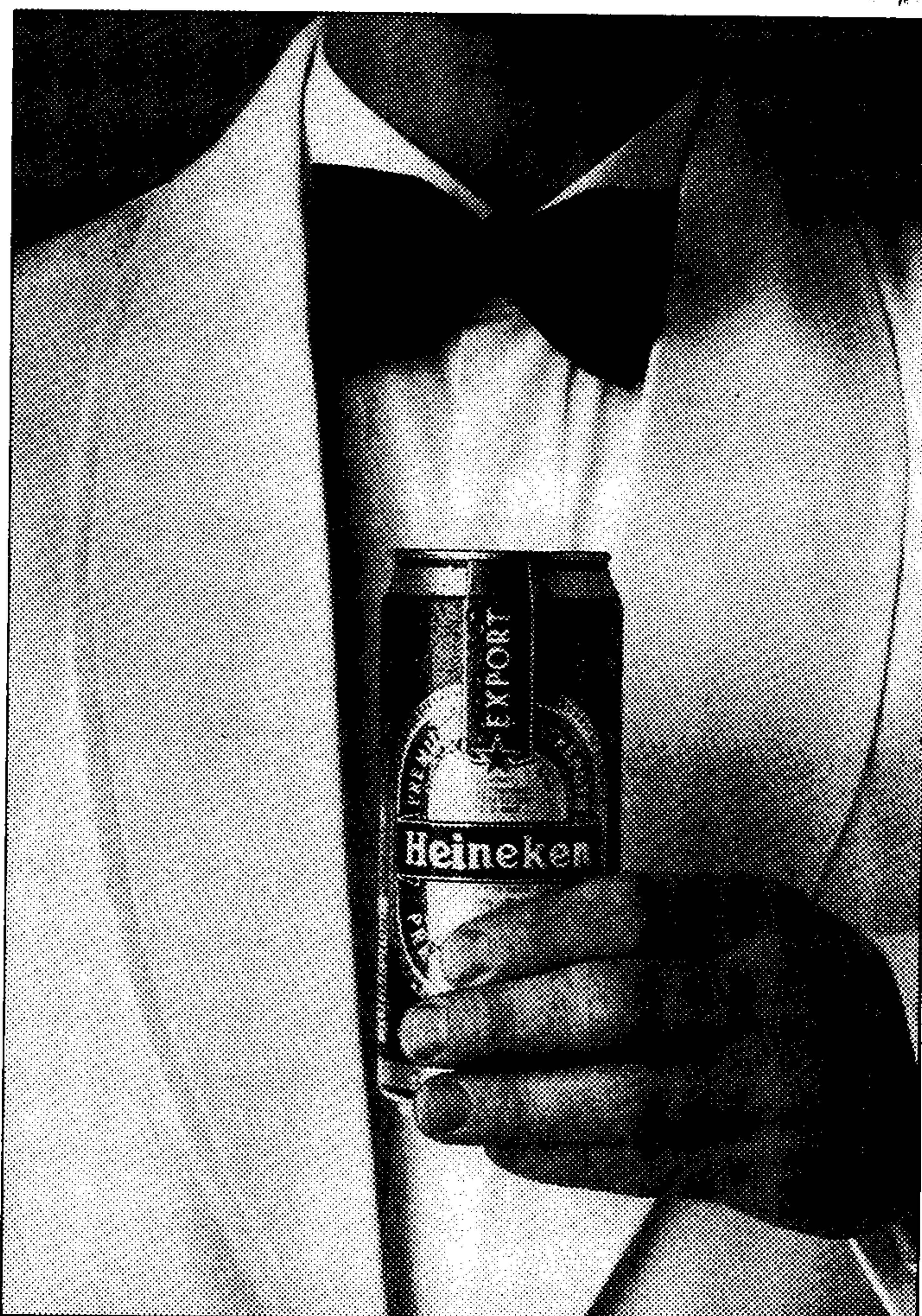
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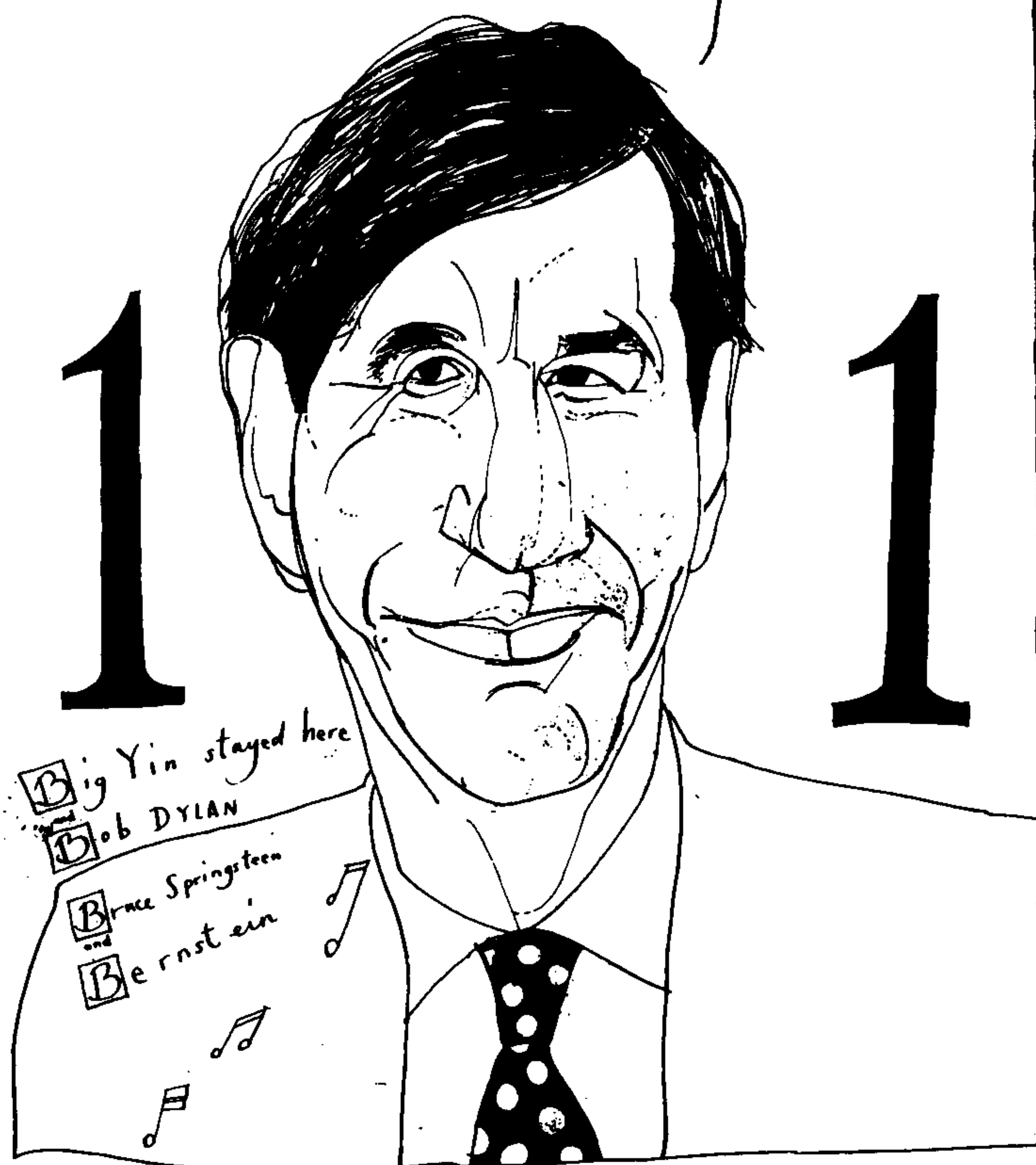
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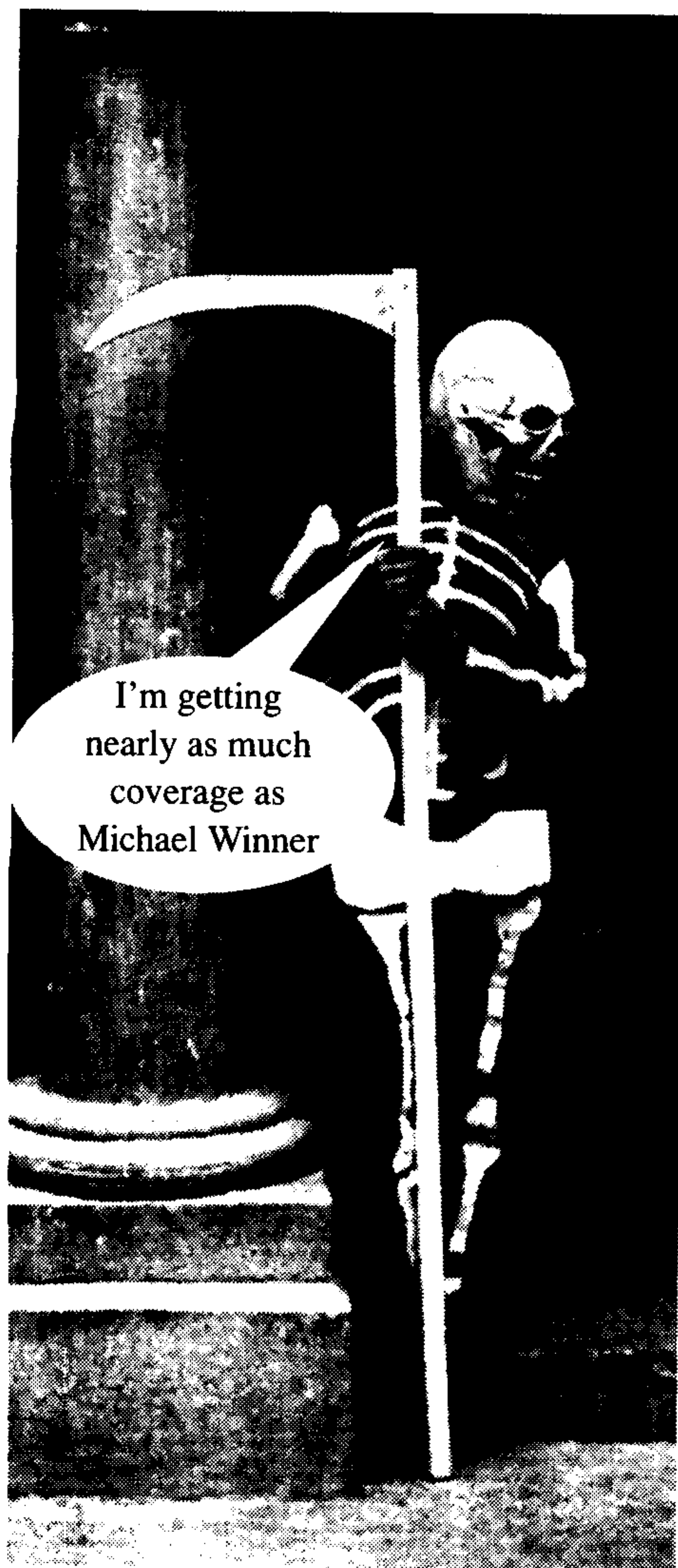
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COLOUR SECTION

BY ACCEPTING the Lords' amendment which allows British Rail to bid for the new railway franchises, the government has destroyed the whole point of its rail privatisation bill: to kill off BR.

As a result of the government climbdown, BR will survive as a nationalised industry. Whether there is room for a second one, Railtrack, to say nothing of all those ludicrous new quangos, will now have to be considered.

Railtrack, which still has no idea how to charge for its services, is on much shakier ground than BR, which quite suddenly has a bright future. Whatever obstacles MacGregor puts in its path, BR will run the great majority of rail services in the future. Not because it has more experience than private operators (it obviously has), but because it can do the same job cheaper.

The financial return required by private operators, as shown by Trafalgar House's demand for a £1 billion subsidy to run the Channel tunnel rail link, is far higher than the treasury requires from a nationalised industry. To run the same services as BR, private operators will either have to demand much larger subsidies or impose much higher fares. Unnecessarily high fares would be electorally unpopular and choke off demand for rail travel. And can anyone see the treasury rushing to pay unnecessarily high subsidies to keep private operators and their backers happily in business?

Besides, any would-be private operator will be deterred by what opposition transport spokesman Brian Wilson has promised will happen as soon as Labour wins an election: all subsidies to private operators will be immediately reviewed.

Now the Lords have enabled BR to compete, privatisation may go on twitching a while longer, but it looks like being dead on arrival.

● **EVEN SO**, MacGregor and his privatising gang, led by BP-reject Bob Horton, went to amazing lengths to persuade the dwindling band of Tory rebel MPs to vote for the government's compromise and not to insist that BR should tender as equal competitors for every franchise.

A suite was hired at the St Ermin's Hotel by the more-than-usually free-spending Coopers & Lybrand (which is making the usual fortune out of privatisation and is not at all ashamed to play the role of public relations enthusiast for the government).

Into the suite trooped the "rebels" led by the dashing MP for Taunton, Mr David Nicholson. They were greeted by three British Rail directors: Chris Green (InterCity), Jim Collins (Thameslink) and Roger McDonald (Chilterns, Network SouthEast), all of whom enthused as to how wonderful the railway would be if they were allowed to run it as "our own show" — and not as the tedious bureaucratic show they've actually been running.

It took only a few moments for the "rebels" to realise that the MacGregor compromise is the greatest political *tour de force* in the whole history of British transport, and to understand that, as things now stand, party loyalty should take precedence over petty parochial objections. (Mr Nicholson, after all, spent eight formative years at Tory central office).

THE example of British Rail Telecoms (*Eyes passim*) is another case of major backtracking by the government on the dismembering of the rail network.

The idea behind the creation of BRT was to hive it off into the private sector so BR's huge

telecoms resources could be used for non-railway purposes.

BRT's arm's-length separation from the rest of BR last April meant a full set of trading rules being introduced to complicate BRT's relationship with InterCity, Regional Railways and the other isolated sections of BR. But within a few months this project, so typical of Tory free-market reforms, had proved unworkable and BRT managing director Peter Borer had left his post. Now the department of transport has accepted that BRT cannot be privatised but instead should become a wholly-owned subsidiary of Railtrack, the statecontrolled infrastructure company.

WITH ALL the book-signing and hype over *The Downing Street Years*, how does Margaret Thatcher find time to earn her \$500,000 a year as a consultant for Philip Morris, the world's largest cigarette manufacturer? True to form, she never misses an opportunity to fly the flag for her company, however far away from home.

One recent success was in Kazakhstan, the biggest of the republics of the former Soviet Union, which Lady Thatcher's office agrees she visited recently. They will not say when she was there — only that it was a "stopover" visit and that she met the president while her plane was refuelled.

The president, Nazar Bayev, was delighted by the meeting. He combines a belief in strict order and discipline, which he demonstrated to the full in the former communist hierarchy, with a passion for the free market. Margaret Thatcher is his heroine.

Interestingly, a decent interval after the visit, Philip Morris announced that it was buying 49 per cent of the vast Almaty Tobacco Kombinat, the state-owned tobacco company which employs 1,700 people. Within a year, that 49 per cent will grow into a majority stake, and Philip Morris will have a comfortable monopoly in an area where cigarette sales are just about the only growth area.

Philip Morris's worldwide sales fell by nearly 25 per cent last year. Outside the United States, however, business was up by 15 per cent, bringing in profits of \$678 million. With rewards like that, successful consultants such as Thatch will be looking for a pay rise.

"We're playing
peace process"



SECRET OF SHAME

THE security services are becoming concerned about the interest taken by certain parts of the media in the Scott inquiry.

On 19 October the *Indescribablyboring* published letters from Gerald Bull, inventor of the supergun, saying that the foreign office had warned him of an "imminent accident" but had subsequently apologised, blaming the warning on "a few irresponsible juniors".

Bull was murdered in Brussels in March 1990, only a few weeks before parts of his supergun scheduled for export to Iraq were seized by HM customs.

The day the *Indie's* article appeared, both editor Andreas Whittam-Strobes and political editor Don McIntyre were called in "for a briefing" by Sir Colin McColl, head of MI6. Since then, all has been quiet.

JOCELYN "Miss" Targett, 27-year-old editor of the *Mail on Sunday's* "Shite and Day" section, is experiencing problems with his prime perk: the company Daimler that accompanies his £90,000-plus salary.

Targett has recently been trying to persuade *Grauniad* columnist and Radio 4 *Medium Wave* presenter Joanna Coles to take the job as his deputy for a "Leith" (ie £85,000). After a pleasant tea with la Coles at the Savoy, Targett was pulled over by police who suspected the cherubic youngster of being a teenage joyrider.

MEANWHILE bizarre austerity measures have been introduced to keep down the costs of the *Daily Mail's* new weekend magazine.

Its launch edition contained a "face in the crowd" competition, the idea being that if you are the face circled in a photograph of a public event you can write in and claim a prize of £100.

Only one of the five regional editions of the magazine had any face circled, and this edition did not mention where the event, a royal visit by Princess Diana, took place. Nevertheless, this fatuous attempt to avoid giving a prize backfired when two women who had been at the event wrote in, circling their own faces in biro, necessitating payment of two £100 prizes.

The following week the magazine got its act together. The picture showed a scene at the Linley-Stanhope wedding. There was only one recognisable face in the background and this was duly circled. Sadly, it turned out to be the face of *Daily Mail* hackette Rebecca Hardy, who had been covering the event for the paper. At least the *Mail* saved the extra £100 it had been obliged to pay out the week before.

THE *Eye* has learnt of a bizarre top secret project that is the brainchild of *Mail on Sunday* editor Jonathan Holborow.

A few months ago, Holborow called in his then features editor, Steve "Stephanie" Meacham, saying he had heard a lot about the forthcoming film, *Jurassic Park*, which was based on the Michael Crichton novel about a scientist who clones dinosaurs from the DNA of mosquitoes preserved in amber. How could the *MoS* get an exclusive angle, Holborow wondered.

Richard Heller was despatched to San Francisco to interview the scientist whose interest in cloning had inspired Crichton's novel. The story ran as a spread, and Holborow, who is obsessed by dinosaurs and is constantly discussing them in editorial conferences, asked Meacham whether the science in Heller's article had been good. Meacham said he thought it had been good. "I see," said Holborow pensively.

Within days Holborow called Meacham back in. "I've had an idea, matey... We are going to create a dinosaur." Meacham chuckled, but then realised his boss was serious. He pointed out that *Jurassic Park* was a work of fiction, though this

did not seem to worry Holborow. "I've worked it all out," he said excitedly. "We are going to create a dinosaur — yes, I know it will be expensive, but I'll get the funding. We'll keep it somewhere for four years and then we'll splash with it and we'll have the biggest scoop in the history of Fleet Street."

Meacham suggested a dinosaur might be a little conspicuous, but a dodo might be a possibility. Holborow was having none of this and said he would get the necessary funding.

THE flagging *Daily Mirror* is suffering badly from brewer's droop — but no where more so than in its its medical column by the gorgeous, pouting Dr Sarah Brewer.

Last summer, writing about prostate problems, she tapped out a pisspoor puff [geddit?] for something called ProstaBrit, said to relieve the painful inflammation of the gland.

If suffering male readers were grateful for the info, ProstaBrit liked the plug even more. This week, Dr Brewer publishes a new book, 'P' for Prostate — Your Questions Answered — and her glitzy launch party at the glamorous Quaglino's is sponsored by, er, ProstaBrit.

If Dr Brewer were male, this would be a clear case of you scratch our prostate and we'll sponsor yours...



"It's cheaper than domestic heating"

THE *Daily Mirror's* loathsome assistant editor Nick Ferrari has been conducting a charm offensive, with emphasis on the word "offensive".

Upon arriving at the office on a Monday morning, he bellowed at two secretaries to join him in his office. He told them that their jobs were to be changed and that one of them would be working for him from now on.

When this secretary burst into tears, complaining that she didn't want to work for him and was perfectly content with her current position, Ferrari told her that if she didn't like it at the *Mirror* she could go.

He later explained to union officials that he didn't want to put anyone in a position where they would be unhappy. Ironically, the leader in that day's paper was all about that awkward subject, bullying.

ROYALTY-loving *Sunday Express* readers will have been confused by the splash in last weekend's paper which claimed the Princess of Wales is seeking some kind of reconciliation with Chazza.

The story, by Deborah Sherwood and William Massie, followed their front page royal "exclusive" two weeks earlier, which reported, among other things, how Diana had "laughed and joked with the Queen at Viscount Linley's wedding" and then taken William and Harry on a cosy visit to see their gran.

Readers who made it as far as Alistair McAlpine's Current Events column inside, however, will have scratched their heads to read

his view of Diana's "rehabilitation". "After the Queen's cold treatment of her at the Linley wedding, it must have become clear to the Princess that she is short of one trick."

Cold treatment... laughing and joking — who really knows what is happening in the Windsor soap? Certainly not the *Sunday Express*, it seems.

PR man Matthew Freud has a reputation not only for "licking ass" but also for "kicking ass" on behalf of his clients.

Take his intervention in a delicate matter involving Paula Yates, wife of Bob Geldof and his business partner in Planet 24, the company which produces Channel 4's *The Big Breakfast*.

Several weeks ago, the *Sunday Times Magazine* was planning a piece to coincide with publication of Paula's trite book *Village People*, loosely based on characters in her village of Faversham, in Kent. The hack assigned to this awesome duty was "style" writer Chrissy Iley, who visited Faversham with a photographer and interviewed the vicar, the local policeman and a gardener.

However, the hackette had written a profile of Bob and Paula last year when *The Big Breakfast* was launched. Paula hated the piece and when she heard that Iley had been detailed to write an article linked to her book, she complained to Fraud, whose PR company represents Planet 24.

He immediately went into overdrive, threatening *Sunday Times Magazine* editor Kate Carr with Geldof's "very expensive" lawyers. Since the article, which Yates and Fraud had not seen, was not remotely libellous, Carr did not see what all the fuss was about. Still Fraud complained, this time threatening a lawsuit for malicious falsehood and claiming that he had sent someone round the village to obtain signed affidavits that Iley had gained unlawful entry into the homes of interviewees by pretending that she was a friend of Paula's.

Thankfully, Fraud prevailed and readers of the *Sunday Times Magazine* were spared the ordeal of having to read any more about Paula's views on village life.

HUNT NEWS

LAST SATURDAY saw the start of the hunting season — and a spate of violent incidents across the country.

In Staffordshire a Liverpool hunt saboteur was beaten unconscious during the opening meet of the North Staffordshire foxhunt in Knightley.

A hunt steward with the Bicester with Whaddon Chase foxhunt avoided arrest at their meet at Priors Hardwick, near Banbury, after hitting one saboteur on the head with a video camera he was carrying, but another steward was arrested for assault when he started to throttle a saboteur.

In Lincolnshire, police arrested a supporter of the Brocklesby foxhunt for threatening a Grimsby saboteur with a flick-knife. The previous weekend, at a cubbing meet, two Grimsby saboteurs had been attacked with a pick-axe handle by another hunt supporter.

The most violent confrontation of the opening day took place at a meet of the Vale of Clettwr Foxhunt, at Pencader, in Dyfed. One saboteur had his nose broken and he and another saboteur needed hospital treatment for their injuries.

ORCADIAN NEWS

THE SOCIAL services department of Orkney island council is still trying to assume parental rights over the "W" children (see *Eyes passim*).

This appalling saga, riddled with human and procedural errors by social workers, has thrown up about 20 breaches of the UN convention on the rights of the child.

The "Orkney 7" action group, which opposes the social workers, is hampered in its campaign by a desire to remain anonymous. The last group of adults who opposed Orkney social workers ended up watching their children being snatched from their beds in February 1991 (*Eyes passim* again). What chance of justice this time around?



THE STORY of the proposed investment of £100 million in a Taiwanese textile factory in Northern Ireland shows how promptly the government and its warring ministers get things done.

In July the European Commission announced that it was considering an enormous grant to the Hualon Corporation of Taiwan to build a textile plant in north-west Belfast. The commission proposes to spend at least £61 million — provided that the British government tops up with £40 million or so. That way, about two thirds of the cost of the plant would be met by European taxpayers.

The proposal has provoked the usual row between ministers.

Michael Heseltine at the department of trade (pro-Europe, anti-Thatch) is very keen on the Hualon plan and wants to get on with it. Michael Portillo at the treasury (anti-Europe, pro-Thatch) is highly suspicious and is prevaricating. He wants to know if the plant will make a profit and if the jobs it creates will throw a lot of other textile workers in Northern Ireland on the dole.

The conflicts were rehearsed on 5 October at a meeting of civil servants chaired by Stephen Kelly from the treasury and including Alan Mitchell from the cabinet office. So great is the suspicion between ministers nowadays that the step agreed by everyone was that no decision should be conveyed to the European Commission without full consultation with and agreement from the Northern Ireland office, the cabinet office, the foreign office, the treasury and the DTI. The likelihood of such an agreement, the civil servants concluded, was negligible.

As usual the buck was passed to an outside agency called KSA. All decisions were put off until next February at the earliest, and the civil servants split up mournfully, agreeing to meet again on 2 November.

WHO EXERCISES real power at the centre of government? A list of cabinet committee chairmen that has emerged from Downing Street is most revealing. After the prime minister and his cabinet secretary, Sir Robin Butler, it has been none other than the unelected Lord Wakeham.

For the second year running, Wakeham, holding the sinecure job of lord privy seal, has been chairman of the committees on industrial, commercial and consumer affairs (EDI in cabinet jargon); the environment (EDE); home and social affairs (EDH); and local government (EDL).

Serving under him were secretaries of state nominally senior to him in the official cabinet list: Douglas Hurd, Kenneth Clarke, Michael Howard and Michael Heseltine. Only nice Mr Major chaired more committees.

Wakeham enjoyed similar prominence when Thatcher was prime minister — even when he infuriated her with his mishandling of electricity privatisation and she said that he was “an absolute disaster”. And that was before she was being paid to say lively things about her colleagues in her memoirs.

Wakeham is generally held to have inspired the idea that during the *putsch* Thatcher's ministers should go in to see her one-by-one instead of in a group when they would inevitably have been constrained to say she should stay and fight. Some thought he was aware that it would result in her departure while he appeared to be supporting her.

While Thatcher was still in office he let it be known he intended to leave politics and return to the terribly exciting world of accountancy where he belongs. But once Thatch had gone he found that, well, he could bear to stay in parliament after all.

What explains Wakeham's power? As a former chief whip, he knows where the bodies are buried — and bedded.

HEADS have rolled at the Welsh development agency (WDA), the quango that liked to say yes when it came to flinging other people's money around.

Out go Philip Head, chief executive, and Mike Henry, finance director. Chairman Gwyn Jones, one of Thatcher's golden boyos, got out hours before the public accounts committee (PAC) savaged the agency for spending £1.3 million on unauthorised redundancy payments, £33,000 on executives' private motoring, and taking on a convicted fraudster as a £40,000 a year marketing chief.

So where was the Welsh office, the free-spending agency's notional boss? And where was David Hunt, who as Welsh secretary spent his stint west of Offa's dyke firing off press handouts praising its work?

No wonder Hunt, now shunted to employment, looked so boot-faced when his successor in Wales, Thatcherite John Redwood, stood up in the Commons to announce the clear-out. Hunt was known in Wales as “Dai Delighted” on account of his fixed grin. “Dai Discredited” is now more apt.

NEW agriculture minister Gillian Shephard — formerly at employment — should examine the working practices of vegetable packers Norfolk Labour & Agriculture in Narborough, adjacent to her Norfolk South West constituency.

Four jobless men from Sheffield followed government advice to get on their bikes and responded to an advert promising “Cash for Christmas”. They travelled to Narborough to work a 60-hour week of nightshifts. But after deductions for accommodation in a nine-to-a-room hostel, hire of hats and coats to wear in the factory and “admin” costs, the four workers left with pay packets for the week ranging from £10.74 to precisely nothing.

Declining the offer of further employment, the four returned to Yorkshire and contacted their MPs. As for Gillian Shephard, she may well know about Norfolk Labour & Agriculture's employment practices already. She is said to be on first-name terms with owner Preston J. Andrew.

'Backbiter'

Switch to Eurotime grows on farmers	JUST FANCY THAT
	Farmers fight Euro time
	Independent on Sunday 24.10.93 Sunday Telegraph 24.10.93

THE ROAD LOBBY (3)

THE MOST contentious aspect of Britain's £20 billion roads expansion plan over the next 15 years is the way vast areas of countryside are to be blighted by new tarmac and the continuous roar of traffic.

Many of the new roads will destroy yet more sites of special scientific interest (SSSI) — a designation that is worse than useless because SSSI land is cheaper for the DoT to buy than farmland. Farmers in particular are dismayed by the lack of respect for the countryside shown by the DoT, which remains mesmerised by the road



“As always, should you or any of your Mission Impossible force be caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Good luck, Mr Fawkes”

lobby/British Roads Federation.

Members of the National Farmers' Union in Wales recently wrote to the road-loving secretary of state for Wales, John Redwood, urging him to reconsider the Welsh office's lunatic plan to drive a duplicate M4 motorway, costing £500 million, through up to six SSSIs near Newport, Gwent. The fact that these SSSIs make up the most important wetland region of Wales has so far had no effect on Redwood.

Presumably those irate farmers, and anyone else angered at the rush for roads, are aware that the BRF membership (as at 31 December 1992) includes the, er, National Farmers' Union.

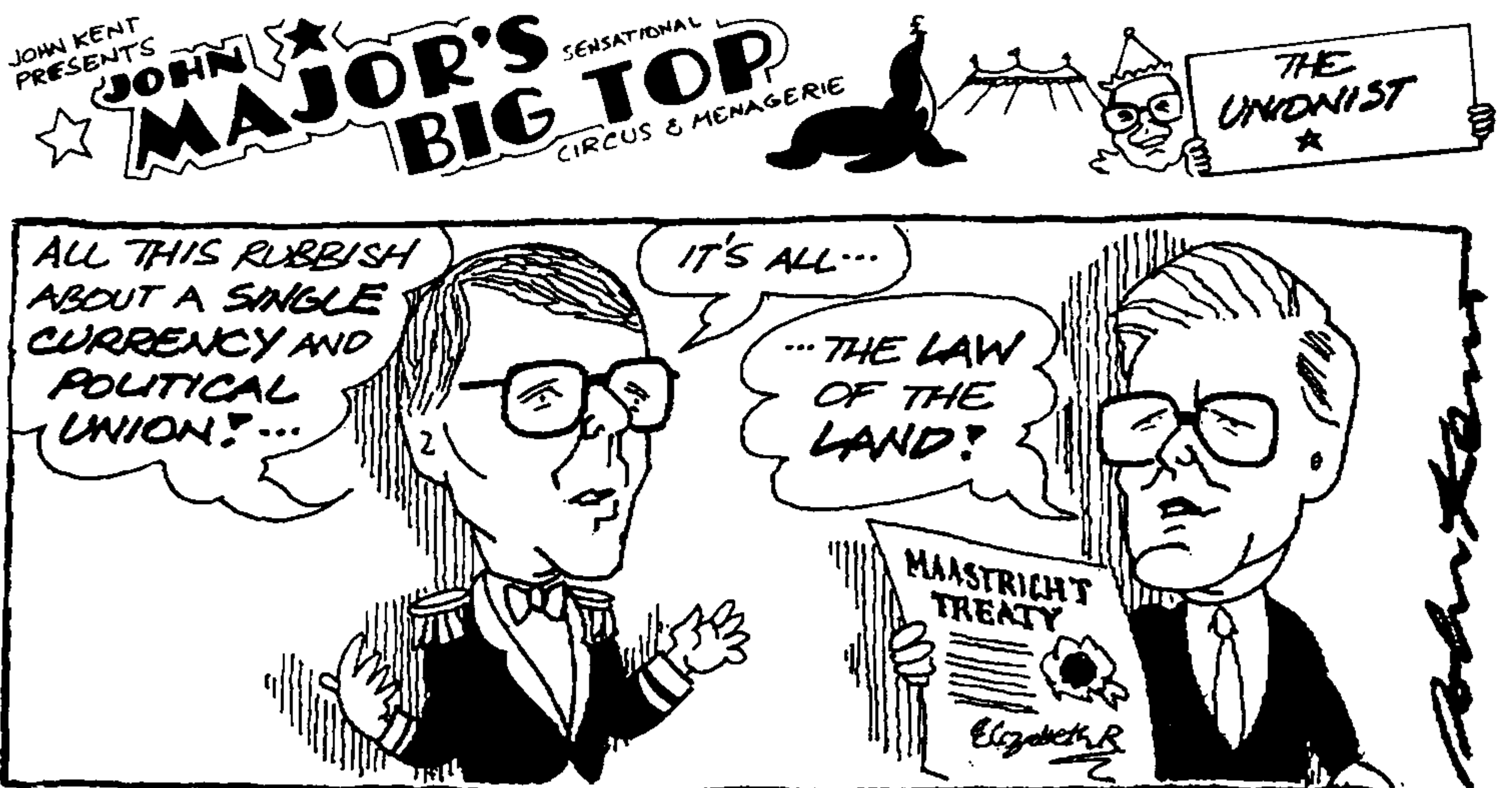
EQUALITY NEWS

REAL PC Plods may be called in to investigate the “PC” plodders of the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) where not very Politically Correct anti-Irish prejudice has been uncovered in the CRE's employment practices.

To the chagrin of the commission's trade unions, black personnel officers have been preferring black job applicants over white hopefuls from Ireland.

This emerged after CRE staff had interviewed applicants for the commission's chief information technology post. Going through the papers, a clerk found that one form had been scored through with a heavy cross and the word “Irish” written on it in large capitals. The clerk reported her findings to her superiors who simply ignored them and then destroyed the forms — but not before a copy had fallen into the hands of the admin union, MSF.

The union is calling for disciplinary action against the officers concerned and has even threatened to call in Inspector Knacker, who is already investigating the loss of £60,000 from CRE accounts.





I AM VERY distressed to learn that my old friend Tiny Rowland is not having a particularly good time of things.

At his meeting with Mohammed Fayed during which the shark in the Harrod's food hall was taken down, Tiny had the unpleasant experience of being introduced to Tom Bower, his unofficial biographer. Tiny went puce with rage and turned on his heels.

But worse is to come next week, I fear. In what promises to be an ugly showdown with his former partner Dieter Bock, Rowland is to be stripped of his company baubles — the private jet and the Mercedes 500 — and to have his Lonrho salary slashed.

However, the fight is only just beginning. Rowland has hired commercial investigators Kroll to prepare a report on Bock in the hope that he might be able to do to Bock what he did to another erstwhile ally, Alan Bond.

THERE are many unpleasant sights at the Chelsea home of Sandy Williams when the svelte hackette celebrates her departure from YOU Magazine for the Daily Express — but none so pitiful as the sight of Kelvin Mackenzie "dancing" to Buddy Holly's "Rave On".

Having downed a couple of glasses of wine, Kelvin is seen making a serious play for the hostess, but he is disgusted to learn that he has a rival in this regard — a former employee, no less, in the power-paunched shape of YOU Magazine hack Sean Macaulay.

Mackenzie is seen canoodling with la Williams in a corner of the sitting-room before their discussions continue in the shadows of the basement kitchen. Kelvin eventually leaves, but at around 2.30am he makes a frantic call to Williams from his car phone.

"Has that bastard Macaulay left?" he asks plaintively. Rightly, Williams slams the phone down and ignores Kelvin's six subsequent calls.

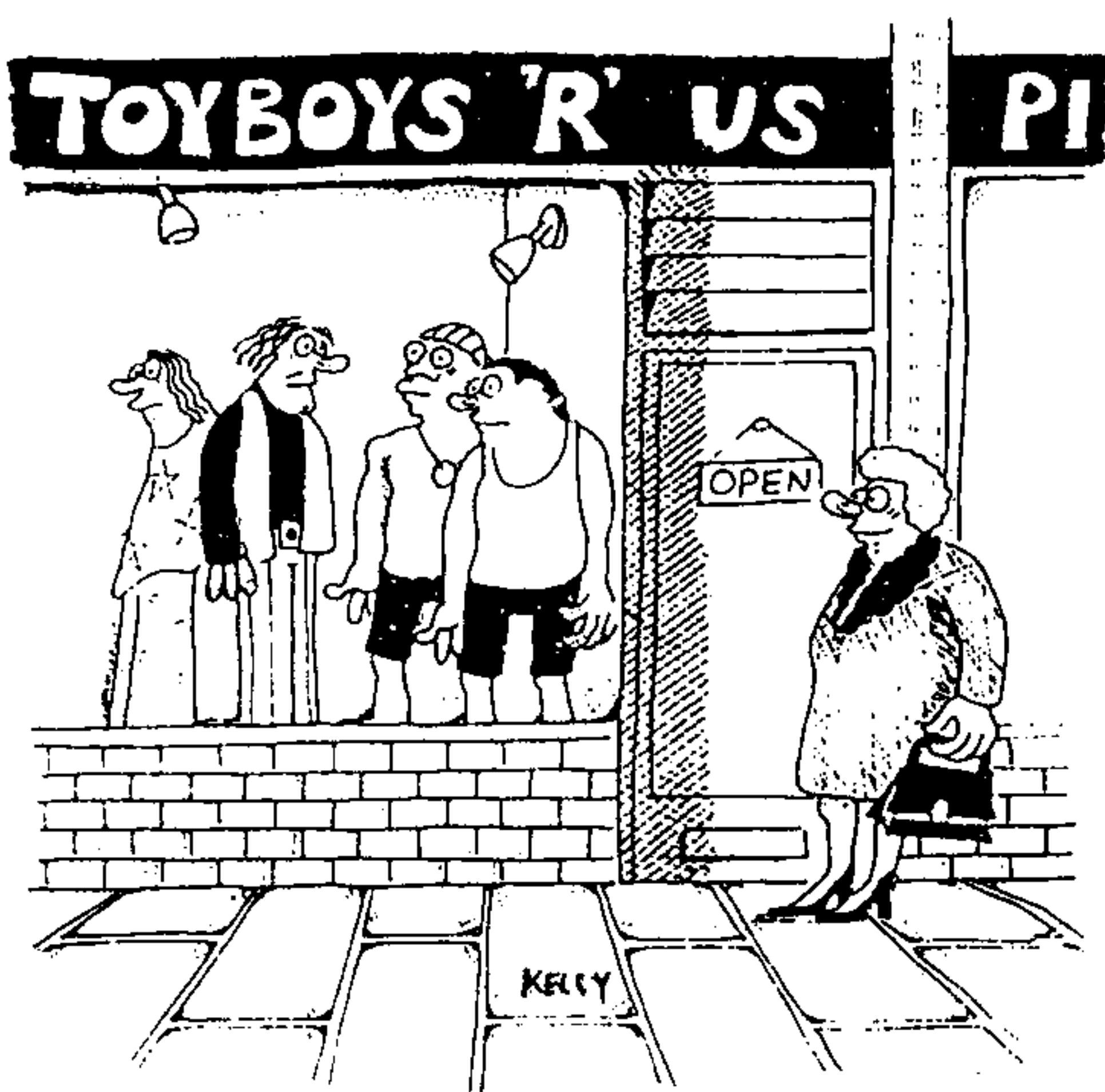
● **MEANWHILE**, Kelvin has run into problems on the home front, too.

Having applied to Legal & General for a house contents insurance policy, he is disconsolate to receive a letter from L&G's Croydon office explaining why it cannot oblige. "Unfortunately, we would advise you that we were unable to issue a contents policy on this occasion due to your occupation as editor of the Sun newspaper."

Editor of the Sun or not, if Kelvin spends his nights making desperate phone calls from the sanctuary of his motor car, I'm not surprised no one wants to insure him.



"Dr Who's not the same since the Americans took over"



I HEAR another amusing tale concerning controversial junior minister Stephen Norris.

Norris, whose interests include transport policy in the capital and sexual intercourse, was addressing a public meeting called to discuss proposals for new road and rail links to Heathrow airport.

It was organised by Twickenham MP Toby Jessel, many of whose constituents, their lives blighted by the airport, live in fear of further expansion at Heathrow.

Patronisingly, Noggis dismissed the transport links as mere "proposals" and refused to accept that they were in any way connected with further airport development. Frustrated that Norris would not address their concerns about noise, a woman in the crowd called out "inviting the minister to spend the night with her" — so he could hear it for himself.

With commendable restraint Noggis declined. Presumably he had a prior assignation...

FOLLOWING my intriguing piece about the disappearance from the blue-blooded London art dealers, Agnews, of paintings belonging to a Lady Dawson, I hear of more strange happenings there.

Mischievous people in the art world tell me a lot of other paintings entrusted to Agnews "went walkies", and that Agnews had to cough up rather a lot of money to buy them all back.

In particular, a certain Professor Mayer, I hear, was not at all pleased about the curious fate of two of his pictures by Yeats. They had to be bought back by Agnews for a cool £75,000.

The matter was brought to the attention of the Metropolitan police at Vine Street, and I gather the whole business has caused a bit of a stir in the art world, involving as it has two of London's most brilliant solicitors: Sir Matthew Farrer, of Farrers, who represent the royals, and Roger Steel of Frere Cholmeley.

I gather the two lawyers agreed a sum for the total Agnews debts from all the missing paintings, cock-ups etc at £335,390.97, of which Farrers' costs, including barristers' fees, were a modest £12,896.34.

● **FRIENDS** pass me an absurd party invitation purporting to come from myself. Suffice to say, it is no such thing. Grovel is celebrating nothing — except perhaps the imminent departure of one of Lord Gnome's more bow-tied minions. The invitation's attempts to link the good name of this column with various vulgar "sponsors" may not be allowed to go unpunished.

Pip Pip!

Pseud's Corner

Mr H.J. Adams and Miss L.P. Meiers

The marriage took place on Sunday 17 October 1993, quietly in Bombay on an elephant, between Howard James, only son of Mr and Mrs Lou Adams, of Freshfield, Merseyside, and Leann Pia, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Ray Meiers of Drummoyne, Sydney, Australia.

Independent

Dear Q,

Thank you very much for your great help in reestablishing me, in a manner of speaking, in this strange answerphone world that is the pop music business. I'm grateful.

Beyond all the elements that have gone into making me appear as perhaps a wily media beast, all I've ever really wanted to do is give unfettered sway over my pure musical instincts and leave something behind that puts vocabulary back into the language that has taught me to speak: music.

Thank you once again for allowing me the valuable space by which to express that.

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY
Q Magazine



"I've passed fields where seventy-five cows are frozen, every eye on me. I slow down and play games with interspecies communication: what gestures read to them?" Garfunkel slowly semaphored his arms, seeking the cow frequency. "When I go to the bass range with long moo sounds, I sense that I'm communicating. Taking them seriously makes them feel pregnant with a kind of moment, a quivering existential happening."

Interview with ART GARFUNKEL
New Yorker

Nic Sandiland — The Limited Expression of a Domestic Appliance and its New Age Dreams of the Great Outdoors

This performance will involve dance, recorded images played back on a large video monitor and live music by composer Mark Horrocks accompanied by an acoustic musician and a Hoover.

Chisenhale Dance Space
press release

I remember this dinner because I had a particularly good draw. On my left a staggeringly beautiful and charming banker, who was setting up her firm's office in Prague. She had a First in Modern History, and in her spare time she was writing a Slavonic cookbook and learning to play the Northumbrian pipes.

On my right I had a rising gamine ingenue with the Royal Shakespeare Company, who was a dead ringer for Audrey Hepburn's younger sister. She was putting together her own drama company and producing a documentary on Sarah Bernhardt for Channel 4. I was in heaven. The three of us tripped the light verbal. The insights were deep, the mirth uproarious.

A.A. GILL
Daily Telegraph

When Hergé's creation is concerned, one is either a Tintinophobe, a Tintinovice, a Tintinophile, a Tintinophage, a Tintinologist or, if one has attained the ultimate state of enlightenment and beatitude, a Tintinolater.

GILBERT ADAIR
Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Mandy Logan, M. & S. Scott, J.A. Rush, D. Burkinshaw, I.M. Ingram, E. MacIntyre.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

A RECENT profile of My Lord Palumbo by one Martin Vander Weyer in the *Spectator* reiterates the usual PR puffs about this hereditary would-be property developer: that he is misunderstood, concerned with "excellence", the victim of prejudice, really an "English eccentric", etc. etc.

Naturally the article does not refer to the gross misuse of the statutory planning process on Palumbo's behalf by obliging and grateful Conservative governments in two time and money-wasting public inquiries about the "No 1 Poultry" or "Mansion House Square" site which has been his life's obsession (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*).

Such is the reverence for money in modern Britain that many people seem to think it some sort of injustice that, having spent so much of his inherited wealth for so long in trying to build a "masterpiece" in the heart of the City of London, Palumbo was thwarted by conservation societies, English Heritage and the public examination of the merits of the case.

Others, including myself, might disagree and suggest that the singleminded desire to cock a snook at the City by building a personal monument next to the Mansion House at the expense of a unique collection of listed Victorian buildings is best described as megalomania.

But Palumbo is believed to be a patron of the arts, merely because he chooses big names — first the late Mies van der Rohe and then the late Sir James Stirling — to design his great building. Does this reveal discrimination? Hardly. Especially when it emerges that he has also commissioned the fashionable but ridiculous Quinlan Terry to embellish his country estate.

The fact is that Palumbo has never made a single independent architectural judgement. He inherited from Rudolph Palumbo a £60 million property empire. Presumably, in that portfolio, there were some buildings needing



redevelopment, sites to be filled. Did Palumbo ever offer opportunities to bright, up-and-coming, young British architects? Not once.

Yes, milord Palumbo owns Mies's Farnsworth House and a house by Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier's Maison Jaoul — but this is merely a millionaire's version of stamp collecting. All these toy houses are "designer monuments" with expensive labels. Where is the merit in buying what is famous and fashionable?

But in our deferential, money-worshipping society such ploys work. Palumbo has won many friends and now has all his permissions. So poor old Mappin & Webb's and the other listed buildings are to come down next year to make way for Big Jim's wireless set — a design even Stirling's admirers, like the late Berthold Lubetkin, recognise is well below standard.

But the *Spectator's* profile omitted certain interesting facts about this development: that there is a glut of office space in the City so the Stirling building will be grossly in excess of requirements (it is not a commercial proposition, in other words); and that Palumbo cannot afford to build it by himself.

So enter Herr Dieter Bock, the "German financier" and chief

executive of Lonrho who admires the architecture of James Stirling (of which the best example is certainly in Stuttgart) and who is now helping Palumbo fund the development. It is a profile of Bock we need, not yet another puff for Palumbo.

So who is this enemy of London's historic fabric? All we know is that "Tiny" Rowland finds him tough. Gosh! So, with the help of German money, My Lord Palumbo is ready to raze a large portion of the Victorian City of London that the Luftwaffe unaccountably missed. I think that is called ironic.

NOT that I am anti-German. Far from it. The architectural world owes a German publisher a great debt. Let me explain...

A preposterous feature by Hugh Pearman was published this summer in the Sunday Times about the lovely home of Andreas Papadakis.

The upwardly mobile Greek bought a half-timbered house near Windsor so he could be near royalty, My Lord Palumbo and go riding with the editor of Country Life.

"Behold the house of a man who set up a successful business, ran it for many years, and then sold it at its peak..." gushed Pearman. "The 100-acre farm of Dr Andreas Papadakis, the publishing guru who founded Academy Editions, the art/architectural publishing house, shows that there's more to be had from the book business than a set of colour proofs and a flat in Bloomsbury." Yes indeed; but I am afraid this is being a little economical with the truth.

"Papa Doc", as he is unaffectionately known, certainly ran Academy Editions, making it notorious for taking up any passing American pseud, promoting Post-Modernism, paying its contributors little or nothing and ripping off useful sources of illustrations. A few years back he sold out to the German VCH publishing group while remaining the managing director. But the Germans seem to have become unhappy about certain aspects of the way Papadakis managed the business in London.

Last year, just before Christmas, many hearts were gladdened by the news that Papa Doc had been suddenly sacked, forbidden to take anything out of No 42 Leinster Gardens and escorted from the premises within the hour by the police. Embarrassing litigation was avoided by an agreement that Papadakis would refrain from architectural publishing until 1996.

What can he have done to make these good Germans so cross? Neither the *Sunset Times* nor *Country Life* are going to tell us.

'Piloti'

SALLY DEEDES

READER David Pinchbeck took out a personal pension in 1983 with Crown Financial Management, a Canada-based company with offices in Woking, Surrey.

But he received a shock this year when he was considering transferring the policy to another company and asked Crown Financial for a current valuation. "The current value of the above policy is £47,556.10," he was told. "The amount payable from this for transfer to another pension scheme is £32,242.00" — a discrepancy of more than £15,000.

Independent financial advisers Gibson-Wride agreed the charges were exorbitant by normal market standards, but pointed out that the company was within its rights since Mr Pinchbeck had joined the scheme before the introduction of the financial services act in 1988. "The charges would have been in the very small print", he was told — and totally unintelligible to the average policy holder.

Lautro, the life assurance regulatory organisation, said there was little it could do as the transaction had taken place before 1988. And Mr Pinchbeck's MP, John Greenaway, was of little comfort when he pointed out that "the chancellor intends to strengthen the disclosure arrangement relating to the sale of life assurance and pension

policies, a decision that stems largely from concern about charges and the need to ensure that policy holders are fully aware of the costs involved at the point of sale."

Attempting to explain its ridiculous charges, Crown Financial said: "An arrangement of this type typically involves us in substantial expenses at the commencement of the policy, relating to setting up records, liaising with the superannuation funds office and payment of commission to the introducing agent. These costs can exceed the premiums paid in the early duration of the policy, as this is a long term policy we would expect to recoup them from future premiums."

Policies will be cancelled each year, so there may never be a gain — except for Crown Management and the introductory agent, of course.

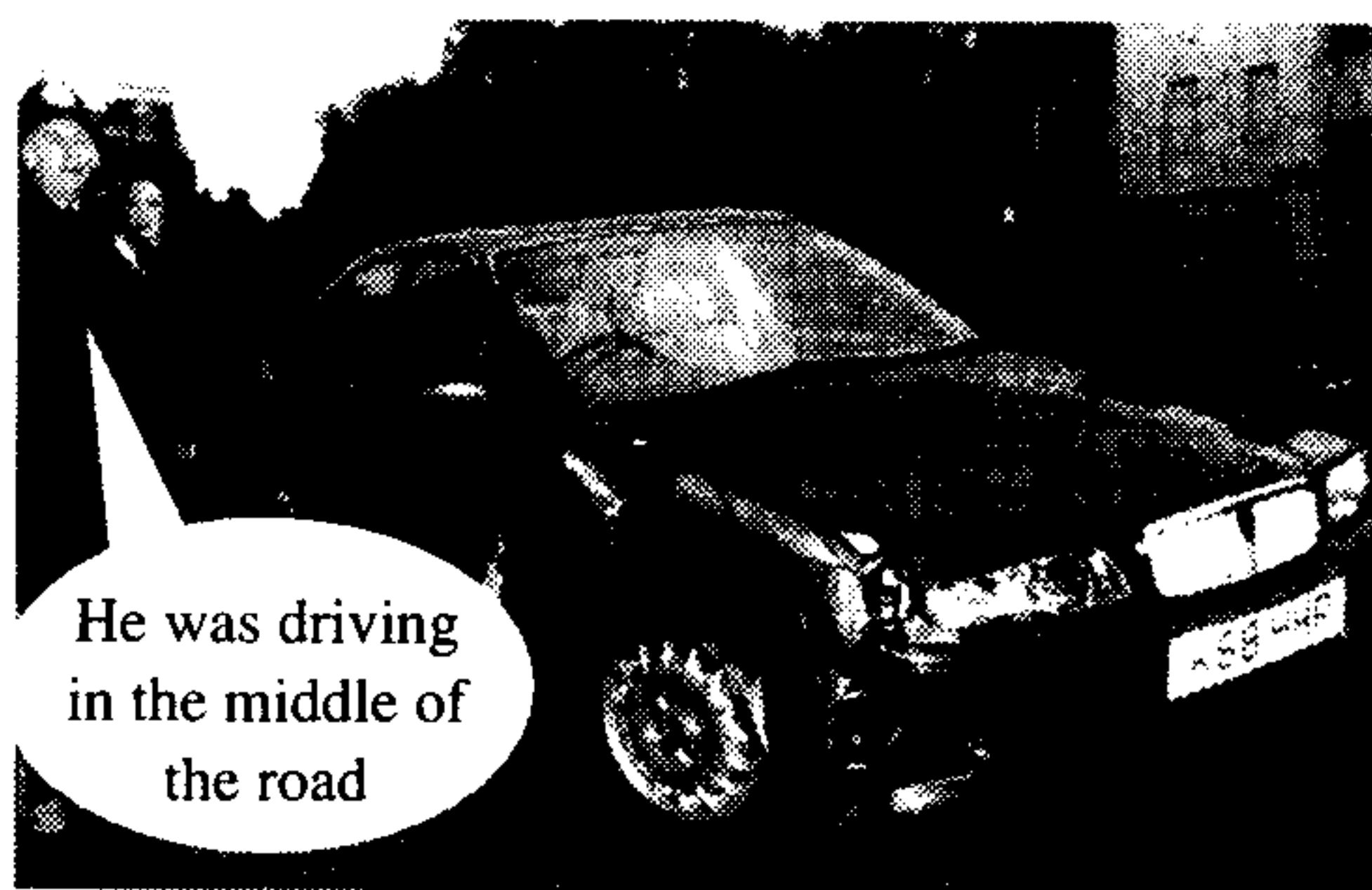
THREE YEARS ago Raymond Wergen bought a Freeway cordless phone from British Telecom. As BT said in its instructions, the batteries might at some stage need replacing. "This should only be carried out by qualified technicians. Customer attempts to replace the batteries will invalidate the product guarantee."

BT contracted out this task to a repair agency, Tantech, who charged Mr Wergen £36 — not bad for a phone that only cost £80. When Mr Wergen protested, BT "customer services" told him: "It is

true that the cost of this service appears to be expensive for simply changing a battery — it is difficult for us to publish a price for the service, when the price is set by a third party over whom we have no control."

When Mr Wergen rang his local BT office he was given the name of someone who would change the batteries on the spot for £20!

PADDY SMASHDOWN — EXCLUSIVE PIC



TV

Sea Quest DSV (ITV)

Paradise Beach (Sky One)

THE two main markets exporting television programmes to Britain are America and Australia.

BSkyB is essentially an Americo-Australian network: partly because it is co-owned by the Australo-American Rupert Murdoch; and partly because imports are cheaper than making your own programmes. But BBC1 and ITV are also increasingly observing the same rules of what is known in international economics as favoured nation status. Last week saw the British debuts of big new buy-ins from both Sydney and Los Angeles, and therefore provided an opportunity to gauge the current state of the powers colonising British television.

Sea Quest DSV, an expensive ITV purchase with an eye on the vital weekend ratings battles, was made by NBC, the American network, at an extraordinary cost of \$1.5 million an episode. In conception, the series is interesting in that it reflects the increasing lack of self-confidence in American television. The networks, hit by falling ratings, have responded by coopting cinematic talents, the bums-on-seats experts of modern culture.

An Oliver Stone series, *Wild Palms*, is on its way from ABC to BBC2. For *Sea Quest DSV*, NBC called on perhaps the ultimate ratings doctor: Steven Spielberg. Sadly, the networks are learning that cinema directors are snobbish about television: they offload their weakest ideas on it.

Sea Quest DSV is a wetter — in every sense — version of *Star Trek*. The 22-part series is set in the year 2018 on a deep submergence vehicle, captained by Roy

Scheider, cruising the underwater farms and colonies which mankind has developed as a response to ecological and population crises. The narrator's voice opens episode one with the baritone promise that "we're about to reach in to the birth canal of Mother Earth", a squirmingly gynaecological image which establishes an uncertainty of tone from which the show never really recovers.

The dialogue is either mock-scientific exposition — "This is a hydro-thermal vent! An underwater volcano!" — or clipped nuts-and-bolts technological detail: "Captain! Structural stress at 95 per cent!" Every so often, the scriptwriter remembers that we are in the future: "I haven't bought any music since they stopped making CDs!" a biologist rather violently nudges us.

The real problem, though, is plot. The cleverness of *Star Trek* was that its setting in an unknown frontier allowed absolute freedom of invention. Although allowed some licence by its future setting, *Sea Quest* is set in the more or less known frontier of the sea. Nervous of positing human life or mermaids down below, Spielberg is fatally encouraged towards the anthropo-

scriptwriter. The whole thing was so close to offcuts from *E.T.* that Spielberg should have simply owned up and called the new series *W.E.T. In America*. *Sea Quest* was beaten in the ratings by the ancient warhorse *Murder She Wrote* and its appearance here on ITV may be the best ratings boost the BBC has had for years.

Paradise Beach, Sky One's new Australian soap opera, suggests that, after *Neighbours* and *Home and Away*, the Australian television industry has not so much evolved as continued. The introduction of the new characters in the early episodes was so lumpen you really have to go beyond calling it shameful and describe it, with some respect, as unashamed. "I can't help but be interested. He's rich, he's gorgeous — but why does he have to be so rude?" a female character helpfully anatomises a male one in conversation.

The main settings are a café and a few vulgarly decorated bungalows, so it might as well be a re-run of *Neighbours* except that, as the new series is set in the surfing zones of Queensland's Gold Coast rather than Melbourne, the exterior establishing shots are at least more



"You're not watching Carlton..."

morphism which is one of his stock tricks.

The premiere episode was almost wholly devoted to the death scene, so elongated as to make Little Nell's look sudden, of Darwin the dolphin. The main invention, and a yukky one, was that an on-board computer was able to turn the dolphin's squeaks into human speech. Sadly, this made the poor old fish another victim of the

enthralling. The Australian background is filled in with much the light touch of the futuristic and submarine stuff in *Sea Quest*. "A possum! Better set a trap!" someone shouts.

If our television is to be colonised, it will not be, we must fear from these examples, a benevolent conquest.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS



TRAGICALLY for the people of Bosnia, three of our most deeply concerned thespians — Vanessa Redgrave, Jeremy Irons and Daniel Day-Lewis — have been refused permission by the United Nations to attend a film festival in Sarajevo.

This totally and utterly disgraceful act of, er, blatant Tory censorship is yet another blow to Day-Lewis who has just recovered from filming in the wild west — Merseyside and Dublin, anyway — as the Guildford Four man, Gerry Conlon.

Taking the Method to heart, Day-Lewis insisted on being called Gerry at all times, on and off the set, and tried to replicate the lifestyle of his character by adopting a Belfast accent, appropriate clothing, eating and drinking habits.

Such dedication was even unaffected when his co-star, Ulster actress Marie Keane, appeared on a local BBC programme during filming and suggested (entirely ludicrously, natch) that the decision *not* to film in Belfast had been taken because members of the cast were too afraid to do so, rather than as a result of difficulties in obtaining insurance, as the producers claimed.

Day-Lewis ignored this disloyalty and remained completely in character — until, that is, his shiny new BMW was swiped by some local yobs, presumably anxious to ensure that such bourgeois materialism didn't distract him from portraying working class life at its rawest.

Apparently Day-Lewis did not appreciate their thoughtfulness and was somewhat reluctant to suffer the travails of a lesser vehicle or even public transport. At least they don't have joyriders in the former Yugoslavia.

★ **TELLY** presenters Richard Madeley and Judy Finnigan, pictured, are winning the ratings war with their *This Morning* show on ITV. The married couple attract 1.76 viewers, nearly twice as many as their BBC rival *Good Morning with Anne Diamond and Nick Owen*

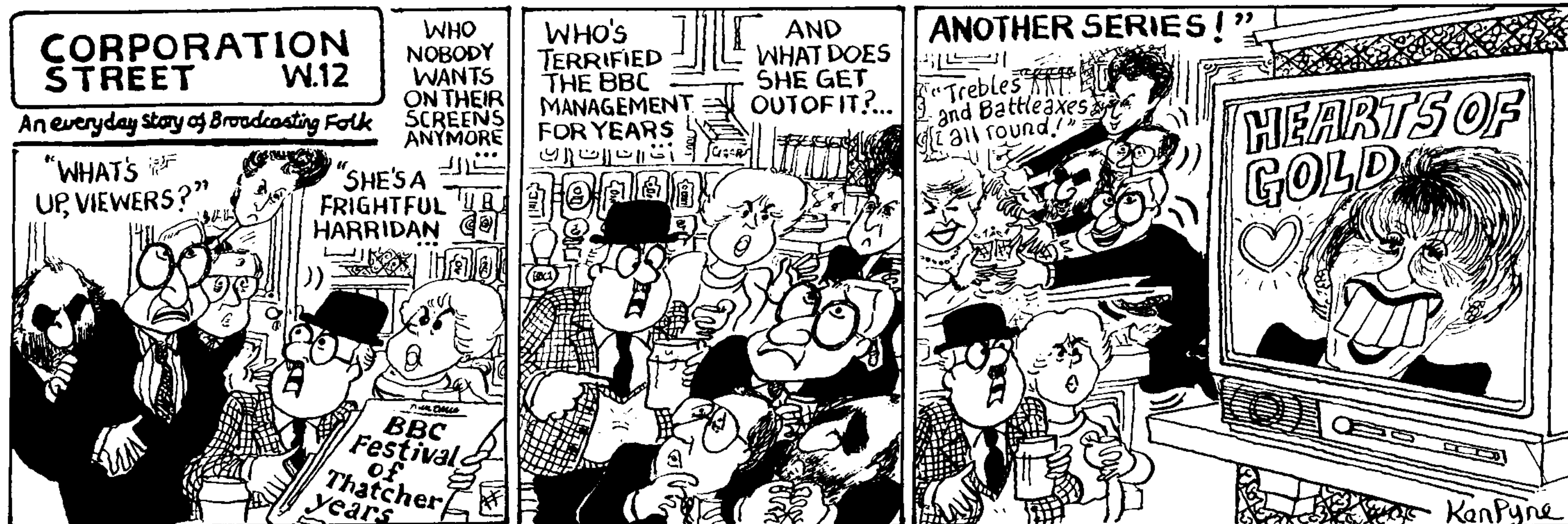


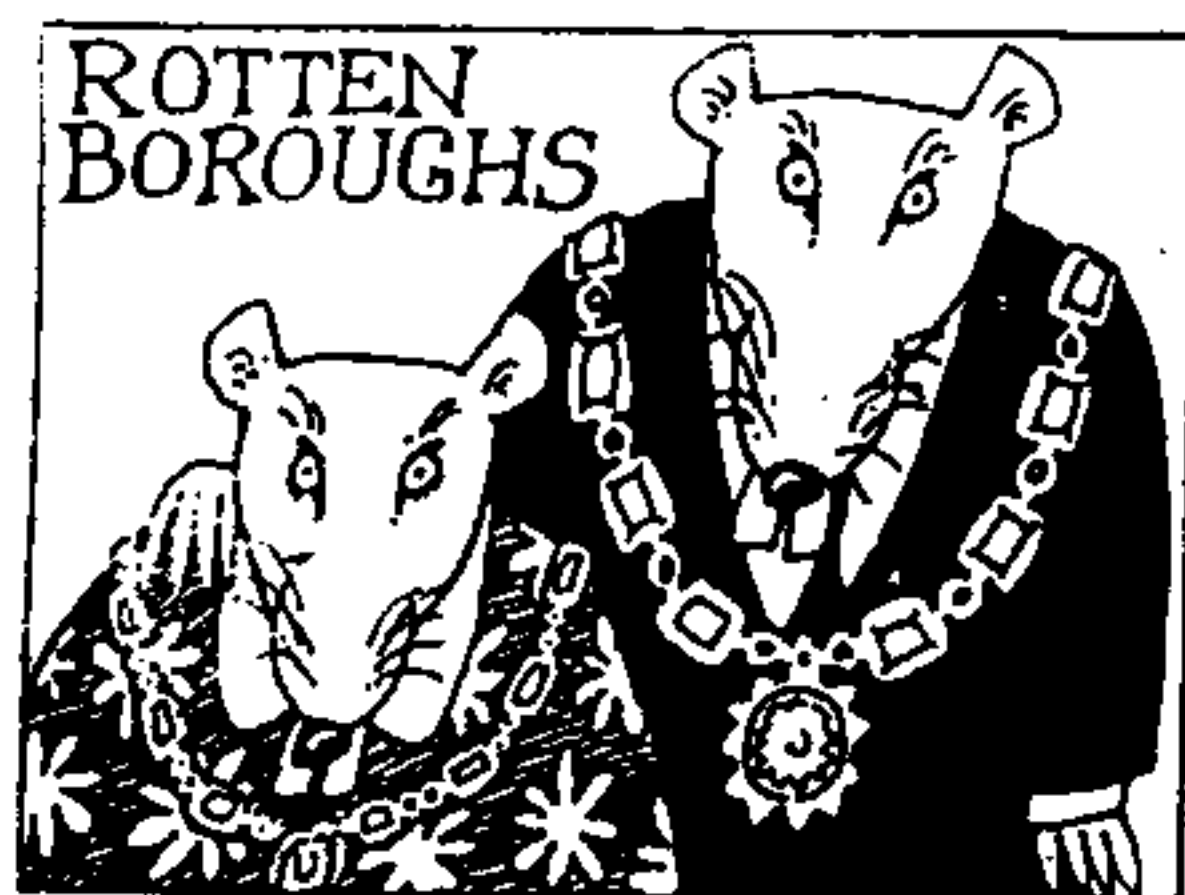
Bristol Evening Post

A RUMOUR is circulating among BBC engineers about a bootleg videotape involving Noel Edmonds, *Big Breakfast* presenter Chris Evans and *Baywatch*.

Would anyone like to send this tape to the *Eye* to allay fears that it is merely an empty hoax?

● BY AN inexplicable technical error last issue, Carlton Television was credited with producing a decent programme, *Cracker*. *Cracker* is of course produced by Granada.





STAFFORDSHIRE

VICTIMS of pin-down, the brutal method used by Staffordshire county council to control children in its care, are upset by the level of compensation awarded to one of the Labour-controlled authority's most committed pin-down practitioners.

Former council social worker Jamie Rodriguez has been awarded £15,000 by an industrial tribunal as compensation for his wrongful dismissal from the council. This amount, the victims point out, is rather more than they have received.

The Levy report into the Staffordshire pin-down scandal — first revealed in *Private Eye* three years ago — showed that Rodriguez had worked closely with pin-down's chief protagonist, Tony Latham, and that he was instrumental in introducing the system. It included forcibly incarcerating children in solitary confinement, often without clothes or food, in council-owned homes in Stoke and Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Although apologists have dismissed the victims as delinquents who deserved harsh treatment, pin-down was meted out to practically all children who passed through the council social services department between 1983 and 1989 — including those escaping sexual abuse and two children who had lost their parents in a car crash.

No action has been taken against members of Staffordshire's education department who colluded with pin-down leaders in falsifying school records of those who were being locked up for weeks on end.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THE county council's plan to keep motorists out of the ancient city of Cambridge (*Eye* 789) is set to become reality.

Cambridgeshire is seeking parliamentary approval to force motorists using the city's streets to fit a black box and smart card to the speedometer, fuel supply and ignition of their cars.

Receipts from smart card sales will eventually be used, the county council hopes, to build a tram system like Manchester's.

Brian Oldridge, who was the council's director of transportation when the £20 million scheme was first mooted, has since retired. The owners of the patent on the scheme include a certain Mr Brian Oldridge, of Church Lane, Cambridge.

LEEDS

SOCIAL services workers in Leeds struggling with a £1 million computer system that does not work (*Eye* 829) were happy to learn that the man who bought the system, former social services director Professor Norman Tutt, has found a new job.

Tutt is working as a consultant to, er, Bull Information Systems Ltd — the very firm that supplied the "unworkable" system. Council chiefs have ordered Bull to come and collect its stuff and are threatening legal action.

BIRMINGHAM

STRANGE new details are emerging of the bizarre past of Noshaba Hussain — the woman recently appointed head of Birmingham's Springfield junior school despite having virtually no paid teaching experience since she qualified.

Readers may recall the confidential audit report, published by the *Eye*, alleging gross financial irregularities in a Muslim women's training centre which she used to run. Following the *Eye*'s last revelations, Hussain has splashed out on a libel writ, courtesy of Peter Carter-Ruck.

Eye inquiries reveal that Hussain has a penchant for litigation. She used to work as a senior executive officer for the Birmingham office of the Commission for Racial Equality — until she took them to court alleging sexual harassment. She was even given legal backing by her comrades in the local Equal Opportunities Commission office.

The case would have publicly exposed the strange bickering among Birmingham's most politically correct comrades, but Hussain decided to settle out of court when she was offered loss of earnings compensation of £9,039 — on condition she resigned immediately.

Resignation is an issue again at Springfield. Hussain arrived at work recently to find Birmingham education official John Endall in her office with a letter suspending her. She ordered him out, locked the door and called the police. Then she sent a snotty memo to staff describing herself as "fully capable and qualified to undertake my duties", demanding that they keep their egos "under control". They were also handed a press notice announcing the writ issued against the *Eye*.

Endall's move had followed a mass rebellion by staff at Springfield, who refuse to recognise Hussain as head teacher. A full investigation into her appointment has also been demanded by Labour councillor Ragib Ahsan, who is a school governor, and by constituency MP Roy Hattersley, as well as by education chairman, councillor Andy Howell.

NORTH WILTSHIRE

THE RAF's ultra-noisy pilot training operation which is ruining the area of outstanding natural beauty around the hitherto disused airfield at Colerne has its supporters — including local Tory chieftain Peter Wilson, whose own backyard is sacrosanct.

Under what he described, at an ultra-noisy public meeting, as an "informal agreement" between himself and the RAF, his own large house in Colerne village is not overflown (any more than is Prince Charles's a few miles away). What is more, thanks to Wilson's presence Colerne village as a whole is avoided by the appallingly noisy aircraft. Instead, flying is so heavily concentrated on people in the surrounding rural area that they are being made ill by the din (five days a week, including weekends).

Guerilla warfare against the RAF has now broken out and protesters want to know why there was no consultation with anyone other than Wilson, who is chairman of Colerne parish council. His relationship by marriage to defence minister Archie Hamilton had nothing to do with it, by the way.



POLICE 5

A CURIOUS tale from Leicestershire police headquarters at Enderby where, cuckoo-like, the private company Group Four Security has taken up residence.

Group Four sidled into the building after striking a peculiar deal with Michael Hirst, the force's then chief constable. He rented out office space to the firm as a training centre for its famous prison escorting service and other newfangled activities.

But Group Four soon expanded to the point where the police found themselves close to being forced out of their own car park, and now the security firm has been told to quit.

Will the former chief constable be able to help with the search for new premises? Quite possibly: since retirement from the police, Hirst has started a lucrative new job in the upper echelons of... Group Four.

"UNIFORMLY, we're all blue" runs the slogan in Merseyside police's new recruitment campaign, which carries an appeal by chief constable "Sunny" Jim Sharples for more blacks, Chinese and Asians to join the force.

It claims Merseyside is "committed to equal opportunities", but this is all sadly at odds with reality. Two officers, with more than 20 years' service between them, are currently taking the chief constable to industrial tribunals on the grounds of alleged racial discrimination.

The first officer, of Afro-Caribbean origin, slates the racist "canteen culture" of Merseyside police. Some of his enlightened colleagues saw fit to daub "Go back home, nigger" on his locker and slash his car tyres in the station car park. He even had his written reports tampered with by officers who thought it might be fun to "translate" them into "pidgin" English.

The second officer, an Asian, has already received £6,000 from the force in a settlement where the Knackers appeared to admit the substance of his claim of racial discrimination. He resumed work in July when Merseyside agreed to "abide by the race relations code", but he has since run into further discrimination and is now off sick with stress.

HUSBAND

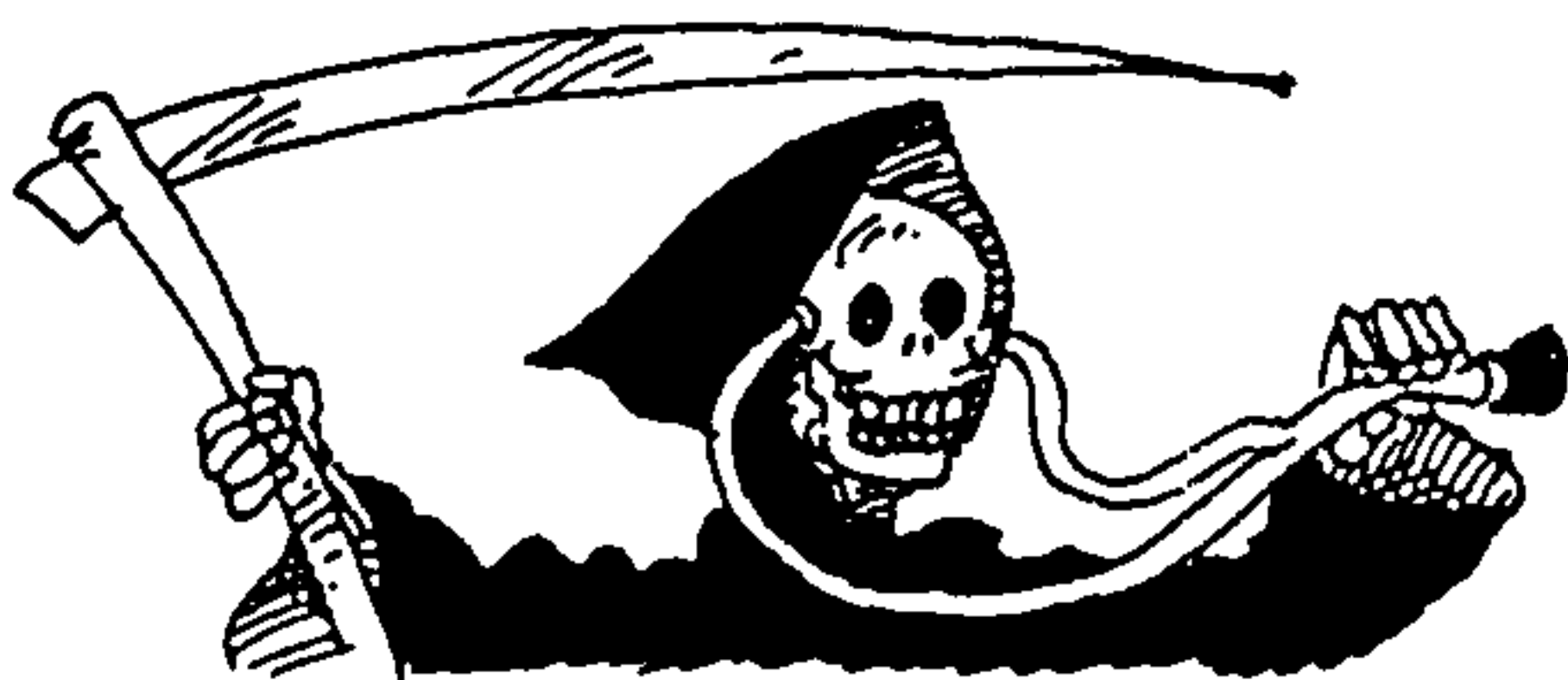
NOTICE BOARDS

LOOKING THROUGH A GLASS ONION (Criterion)

"...a moving portrait of John Lennon's life... making an emotional connection that is totally unexpected."
Baz Bamigboye, *Daily Mail*

"Why anyone would want to impersonate John Lennon without shedding any light on anything he did or said is a mystery beyond belief... it is as nothing."
Jack Tinker, *Daily Mail*





DOING THE ROUNDS

DR DAVID ELTON is a third wave GP fundholder — and as chairman of **Littleborough and Saddleworth Conservative Association**, a Tory to boot. He was thus able to use a meeting of the **Conservative Medical Society** in Blackpool to ask his party's health secretary, **Virginia Bottomley**, a pertinent question.

Dr Elton expressed his dismay at being asked to budget for referrals to his local casualty department which he felt were quite outside his control. The reply was vintage Bottomley.

"It's a good question. It's a question of the sort that we will be having all the time now. You have to keep adjusting as you move towards your goal... Over a third of all patients will have a fundholding GP by next April, and what I want to do now is to extend these benefits of fundholding GPs to all GPs, through consortiums, piggy-back schemes and working with districts.

"But the precise detail will continue to be adjusted and if, as seems to have happened, there is an increase in accident and emergency demand in the system, that is inevitably something that will feed through. Nobody should feel the new system is set in concrete and forever and a day that is precisely the way it should stay. The NHS has to constantly monitor, evaluate and adjust. But nothing will ever turn back what is a real springboard for innovation and change, the GP fundholder. Far from turning back, I am quite sure we will take it forward."

● **IN EYE 831** we reported that two senior managers from **Northumbria ambulance service NHS trust** took a trip to Florida after it had been decided to purchase six £70,000 ambulances from a Florida-based company, to doublecheck the specifications.

Alas, when the first vehicle was delivered to **New Harrington ambulance station** near **Houghton-le-Spring** it was found to be too tall to fit into the garage. Now two more experts are being flown to Florida to doublecheck the specifications. As NAS spokesman **Karen Lloyd** put it: "We have absolutely no comment to make."

● **THE Scottish ambulance service** has reneged on a pledge to abolish single-manned ambulances because of financial difficulties. Patients in **Dumfries and Galloway** will have just one ambulance person to ferry them to hospital and resuscitate them on the way from midnight to 8am on weekdays, starting in January. Meanwhile **Lothian health board** is to open a GP-run minor casualty clinic in north-west Edinburgh to replace

the major accident centre at **Western general hospital** which fell victim to a £22 million deficit. GP Dr Roy Robertson described the clinic as "woefully inadequate".

● **MANAGERS** at **Plymouth's Derriford hospital** are to abolish charity shops in the reception area in preparation for trust status. The Red Cross newsagents, WRVS coffee shop and League of Friends bookstall and florists are to be replaced by private businesses. The non-profit charities have been trading for 12 years and add much to the community spirit of the hospital. The WRVS alone raised £42,000 for new equipment in the last financial year. Corporate business manager **Chris Taylor** defended the move: "The composition of the new concourse area was decided by a fair process of competitive tendering."

● **AT THE END** of September, **Luton and Dunstable NHS trust (LANDT)** announced that it



had achieved the patient's charter target of a maximum wait for treatment of two years, and had also attained the regional standard of not more than 18 months. A week later, it was fined £6,900 by **North West Thames regional health**

authority for making 23 patients wait more than 18 months. The fines, £300 per patient, are one of Mrs Bottomley's ludicrous ideas to punish overworked hospitals who don't have the resources to meet charter standards. The hospital needs at least one more urologist and general surgeon to get near them.

In a letter to one patient, LANDT consultant surgeon **Michael Mee** wrote: "Unfortunately the wait for an appointment in this outpatient clinic is about two years." Plus a further two years waiting for an operation. Another patient on the new coronary care unit, opened at a lavish civic reception by Mrs Bottomley last month, noticed staffing problems every day; no one of senior rank to hold the drug-cabinet key on one occasion; and a lack of sterilizer caps for the electronic thermometers. How a £6,900 fine will improve this is unclear.

The Queen's medical centre, Nottingham, has taken three months to send back GP referral letters to orthopaedic outpatients and refused to give any appointments because it lacks the resources to comply with patient's charter standards and does not want to incur one of Mrs Bottomley's fines.

● **THE Brook hospital**, part of **Greenwich district NHS trust**, is having problems providing an emergency neurosurgical service because there is only one consultant anaesthetist, the intensive care unit is intermittently closed due to staff shortages, and there is a waiting list of more than two months for MRI scans. Chief executive **Eric**

Bryers has proposed a "two-staged solution" to this "potential critical problem" involving the transfer of 50 percent of the emergency caseload to the **Maudsley hospital** immediately and 50 percent by January. This will pave the way for the Brook to shut completely.

● **THE Shithouse (aka Wellhouse) NHS trust** in **Barnet** is to close one of its two hospitals, **Edgware general**, as predicted in *Eye* 830. The £4 million indebted trust has lost an £11 million contract with **Brent and Harrow health authority** and **South West Herefordshire health authority** is reconsidering its contract. Elsewhere, **Bedford hospital trust** has sacked two senior nurses and readvertised for a marketing manager instead. In 1987, there were 700 senior and general managers in the NHS and in 1991 there were 13,340 — an increase of just 1,805.7 percent.

● **BED CLOSURES** at **Birmingham's Queen Elizabeth and Selly Oak hospitals** have forced emergencies to be shipped out to **Coventry and Dudley**. The recent 14 percent increase in emergency admissions is likely to rise further over the winter, with little prospect of the cash-strapped hospitals reopening wards to compensate.

South Birmingham is to hit its low paid nurses, some on as little as £90 a week, by raising their rents from £54 to £130 a month. This follows the discovery of more unpaid bills — including one for £250,000 found in a drawer — and revelations that the rent for the authority's palatial HQ in **Edgbaston** is £250,000 a year: £5,000 for each person working there.

Meanwhile 40 GPs from **Sandwell** will be living it up at the NHS' expense with a trip to **Goa** to discuss "medical issues". Their five-star hotel stay will attract NHS grants of £1,600 a head.

In **East Birmingham** **Robert Taylor**, chief executive of **Birmingham's** first trust hospital, **Heartlands**, has seen his salary more than doubled to £91,000. He earns more than **Virginia Bottomley** — and has frozen all vacancies and overtime and is threatening to close wards to save money.

In **Worcester** **Ray Gillard**, manager of the **Worcester Royal Infirmary**, has run up an £8,500 bill booking tickets on **Concorde** for a trip to the US to look at private hospitals. **Jim Waites**, chief executive of the **Worcester and District health authority**, has decided against disciplinary action.

● **THE HITLIST** of hospitals offering a two-tier service compiled by the **British Medical Association (BMA)** and the **Joint Consultants' Committee** for submission to Mrs Bottomley contained a number of inaccuracies. The **Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear hospital** in **London** did not offer routine surgery to fund-holding GPs only in **March 1993**, nor has it done so recently as was suggested in *Eyes* 829 and 831. Some trust chief executives have now approached the department of health to ascertain whether they should sue for damage to their corporate image.

M.D.

SAFE IN OUR HANDS

THE national health service trust federation (**NHSTF**) was set up in 1991 to assist the creeping privatisation of the NHS... and to provide well-paid jobs at public expense for **Tory party workers and supporters**.

No one could have been more suitable as the trust's first chief executive, therefore, than **Lucille Campey**. She had served the Tory party for years, specialising in "information" about reds under the bed. When she worked for the party in **Winchester**, she liaised closely with the **Economic League**, the blacklisting organisation that served up information about "subversives" (ie trade union militants) to employer-subscribers.

Campey herself contributed to this fund of knowledge with a booklet about the penetration of **Labour councils** by socialists and other monsters. Her fervent approach took her directly into the department of health where she served as a **Tory party-nominated aide** to two ministers: **Kenneth Clarke** and **William Waldegrave**. Early this year, the £60,000-a-year post of chief executive of the

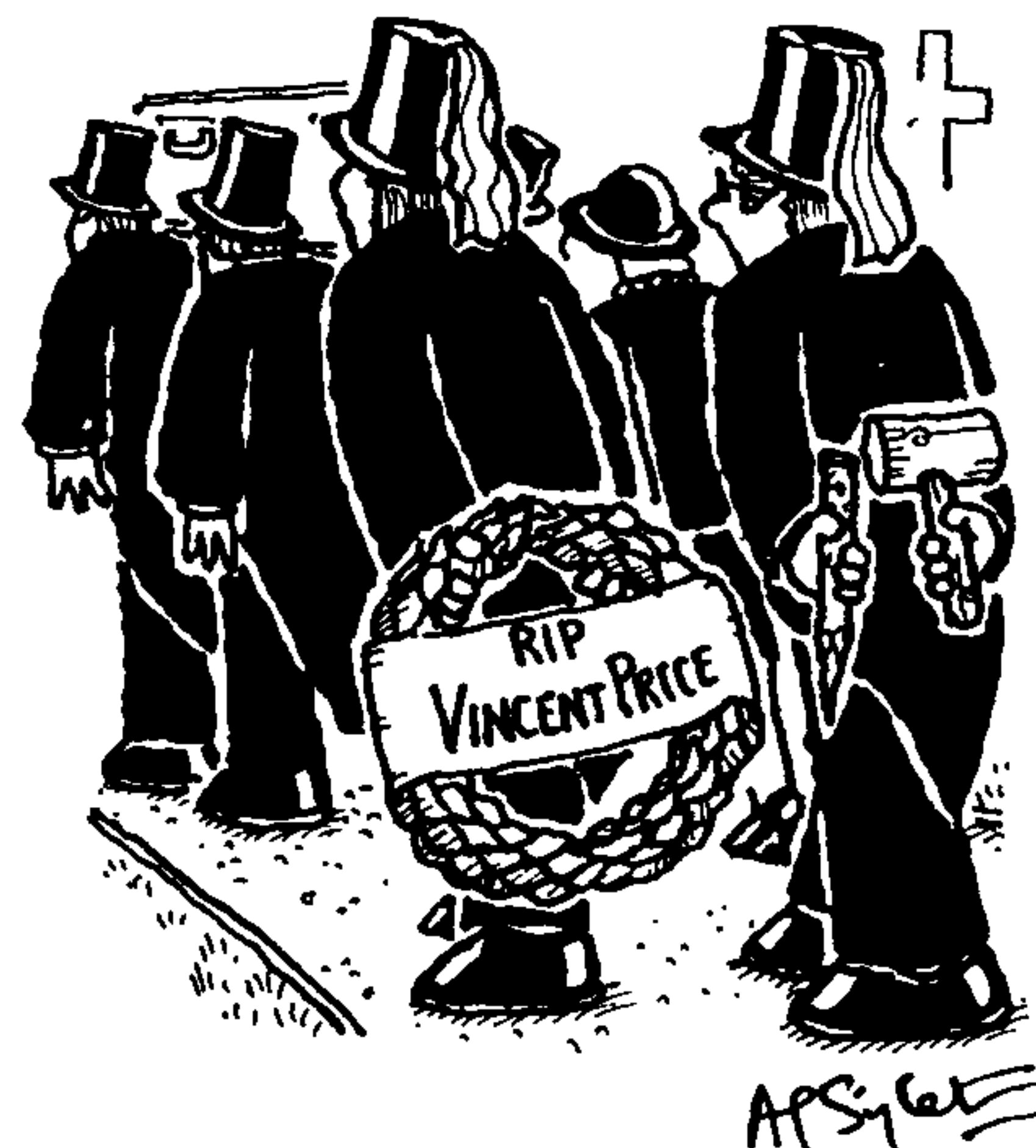
NHSTF fell vacant... and **Ms Campey** was appointed forthwith.

The department of health says **Lucille** was "thrown out" of her nice little earner at the federation "after three or four months", but will not say why. The predominant view seems to be that her management style was too abrasive for the staff of most of the gung-ho trusts.

WILL tubby Tory **Sir Donald Thompson**, the high-living MP for **Calder Valley**, remain a supporter of national health service reforms?

Having recovered from major heart surgery, he told his local paper that he blamed his illness on an indulgent lifestyle: gastronomic excess, smoking and a lack of exercise. Without the miracles of modern medicine, he said, he would probably "not be alive now".

Thompson has mended his ways — and just in time, it seems. For it was **Ian Pattison**, director of **Thompson's health authority** in west Yorkshire, who said that individuals whose lifestyle contributes to their illness cannot expect taxpayers to continue to pay for their treatment.



ENERGY NEWS

WITH unbelievable cheek, Tim Eggar, energy minister, has pulled off the trick of the absentee expert — for the second time in just over a year and with the same man.

Eggar was being criticised because, more than six months after the white paper on coal, the government had still done nothing about its own proposals — proposals which were simply designed to take the steam out of the coal uproar. Now he has acted by appointing Dr Martin Holdgate as chairman of the "energy advisory panel" which he had promised.

Dr Holdgate lives and works in Geneva and rarely visits London. So there is little danger of his getting in the way of the civil servants who will draw whatever conclusions seem convenient to their political masters.

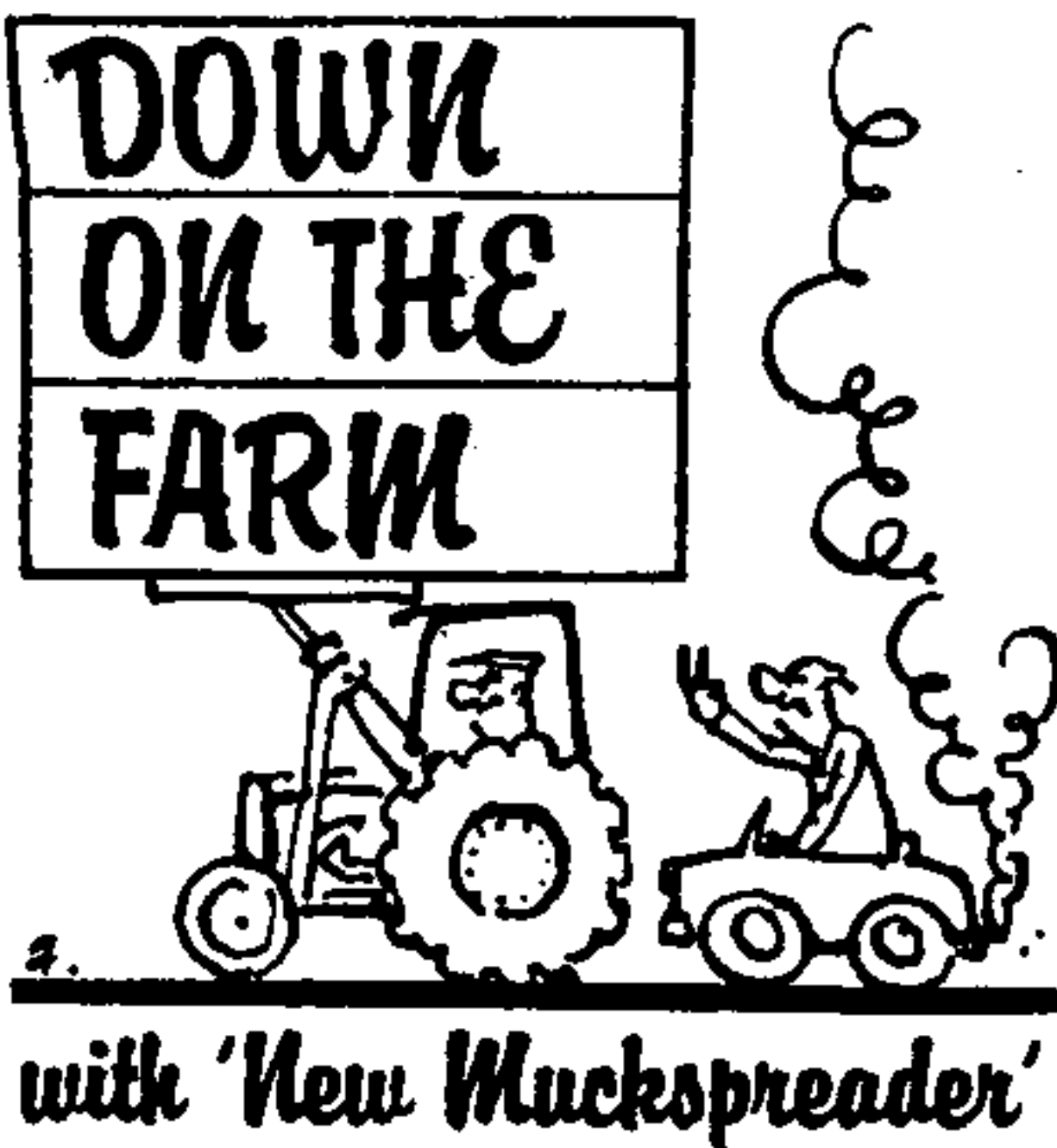
The same device was used to provide a new chairman for the renewable energy advisory group.

Colin Moynihan was its chairman until he lost his seat in Parliament — and Eggar's people chose Holdgate to replace him.

He was the most unsuitable of all the group members because, as he disarmingly confessed to a meeting of backbenchers in the Commons, he had been unable to attend any of the group's meetings. He was, he said, a biologist and not a specialist in energy technology, and could answer no questions about it.

Dr Holdgate is a decent scientist who runs the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources. Eggar wanted a silent figurehead and so chose one who lived far away. Now he is trying a re-run of the same cynical trick.

The announcement of the intention to set up an advisory panel helped head off the feeble Tory revolt, leaving the way clear for British Coal to shut as many pits as it wanted to, in order to sell the most profitable ones and provide whopping salaries for the people running the newly-privatised industry.



AGRICULTURAL workers are paid 76 percent of the average industrial wage but have to work an average 2.8 hours a week more for the privilege of being so underpaid. It seems even this is too much for subsidy-rich growers of Lincolnshire, however.

Under pressure from the supermarkets to keep vegetable price rises down — well below the rate of inflation — the growers contract out much of their work to 20,000 or so "gangmasters". These are the contractors who take on the poor and the law-abiding desperate — as well as the urban dole fraudsters, illegal immigrants and social security cheats — and pay them £2 an hour or less, well under the legal minimum wage of £3.50 for fulltime workers.

Those who speak out might have their windows broken, their cars daubed with shit, their tyres slashed or their children terrorised. Carrying on a trade little different from the slavers of yore, the gangmasters enforce a home-grown rule of *omerta* to rival that of any Sicilian clan. Small wonder, then, that department of employment investigators and the police are unable to net the rural

godfathers, leaving honest souls hard put to earn a living in areas where there is little alternative to farmwork.

Needless to say that nice Gillian Shephard's reaction has been to propose the abolition of the wages board which polices the minimum wage (*Eye* 829). This will remove what little protection farm workers have in trying to maintain a lifestyle that would have most townies running to the nearest social worker. Perhaps the idea is that they should become unemployed and move to the towns — so they can then be taken on by the gangmasters and be bussed back to the country to work for even less than they do now. [See *HP Sauce*.]



A WELL-KNOWN public relations consultant who represents intensive poultry growers and processors, as well as a household name in the meat industry, sees no conflict in promoting the protein substitute tofu, so beloved by urban vegetarians and vegans.

"You have to bear in mind, dear boy," he was heard to say while explaining why he found the different interests so easy to reconcile, "that in public relations, ethics is a county to the north-east of London."



DURING the compulsory slaughter programme in which 3.5 million hens were despatched, egg producers became increasingly desperate to find out why birds were becoming infected with salmonella.

Several times it was proposed to the lunatic officials in MAFF's state veterinary service that instead of slaughtering infected birds, they should allow them to be kept alive for study to aid detection of infection sources.

Overcome by the simplicity of this commonsense idea, Mr Meldrum, the government's veterinary stormtrooper-in-chief, reacted in the only way he knew how: he banned any such work while his officials took out high court injunctions against farmers and their advisers who were prepared to defy the ban. A number of egg producers, however, had had several flocks slaughtered and were so desperate to find the cause of lingering salmonella infection they were prepared to circumvent the courts.

Good and faithful servant Meldrum, by then employed by the infamous *drittsekk*, responded in innovative fashion. Suspecting that birds would be tested in the one independent veterinary laboratory which was prepared to let science prevail over dogma, he caused his officials to threaten the withdrawal of the laboratory owner's operating licence, so closing him down.

It is thus of more than passing interest that four years after the salmonella crisis which sparked off the slaughter policy, and nearly a year after the policy has been abandoned, MAFF is to fund the state poodle central veterinary laboratory (CVL) to do the very studies egg producers were prevented from doing.

There is no truth in the rumour that CVL, formerly part of MAFF but now a commercial agency, has lost so much credibility over salmonella that it cannot attract enough funding to keep it going and must rely on government handouts to do work which now has little relevance.

Private Eye

Letters

New Statesman

Sir,

The article under the heading "Spats and Beards" in last week's PRIVATE EYE was a nasty piece of journalism. It suggested that Duncan Campbell, the chairman of NEW STATESMAN AND SOCIETY magazine, was supporting an investment offer made to the company by Mr Derek Coombs because he stood to gain financially from the sale of his shares to Mr Coombs.

This is wholly untrue, as a simple checking call to NSS would have made clear. To publish such a serious allegation without making any attempt to verify the facts is appalling journalism and smacks of malice. That this article is only the latest in a long line of pieces about Campbell in PRIVATE EYE, none of which has been checked for accuracy with either him or NSS, conveys the impression of a vendetta. It is unworthy of you, and we feel entitled to question the motives of those responsible for such pieces appearing.

Duncan Campbell has never proposed, or intended, to sell his shares to Derek Coombs or anyone else. Far from standing to gain financially from any refinancing deal obtained for NSS, he has contributed generously and freely of his time and energy in the best interests of the magazine. No one associated with NSS has ever doubted the integrity of those who have been entrusted with negotiations about its future.

Cheap slurs on an individual's reputation, wholly inaccurate and unchecked, do a disservice to PRIVATE EYE and to journalism as a whole. We believe you owe Duncan Campbell an apology, and hope that you will have grace enough to provide it.

Yours sincerely,
PAT COYNE (Chief Executive),
STEVE PLATT (Editor),
CHRIS PRICE (Director),
and every other member of the staff and board of NEW STATESMAN AND SOCIETY,

London E2.

Filipin' heck!

Sir,

I note with some puzzlement the EYE's current obsession with the "Asian Babes" syndrome. I find it somewhat incongruous as I understand your proprietor is married to a lady of oriental persuasion and in every issue they are on offer in your classified ads no doubt at popular prices.

Is this not having your cake and calling the kettle?

Yours etc.,
G.E. BAHN,

Oldham, Lancs.

A pseud cornered

Sir,

I was interested to see the title of my recent seminar paper appearing in Pseud's Corner (831). I was most annoyed, however, that you got the spelling of a key word wrong. It should have read heterotopic and not heterotropic. You may have me down as a pseud but I am not an idiot.

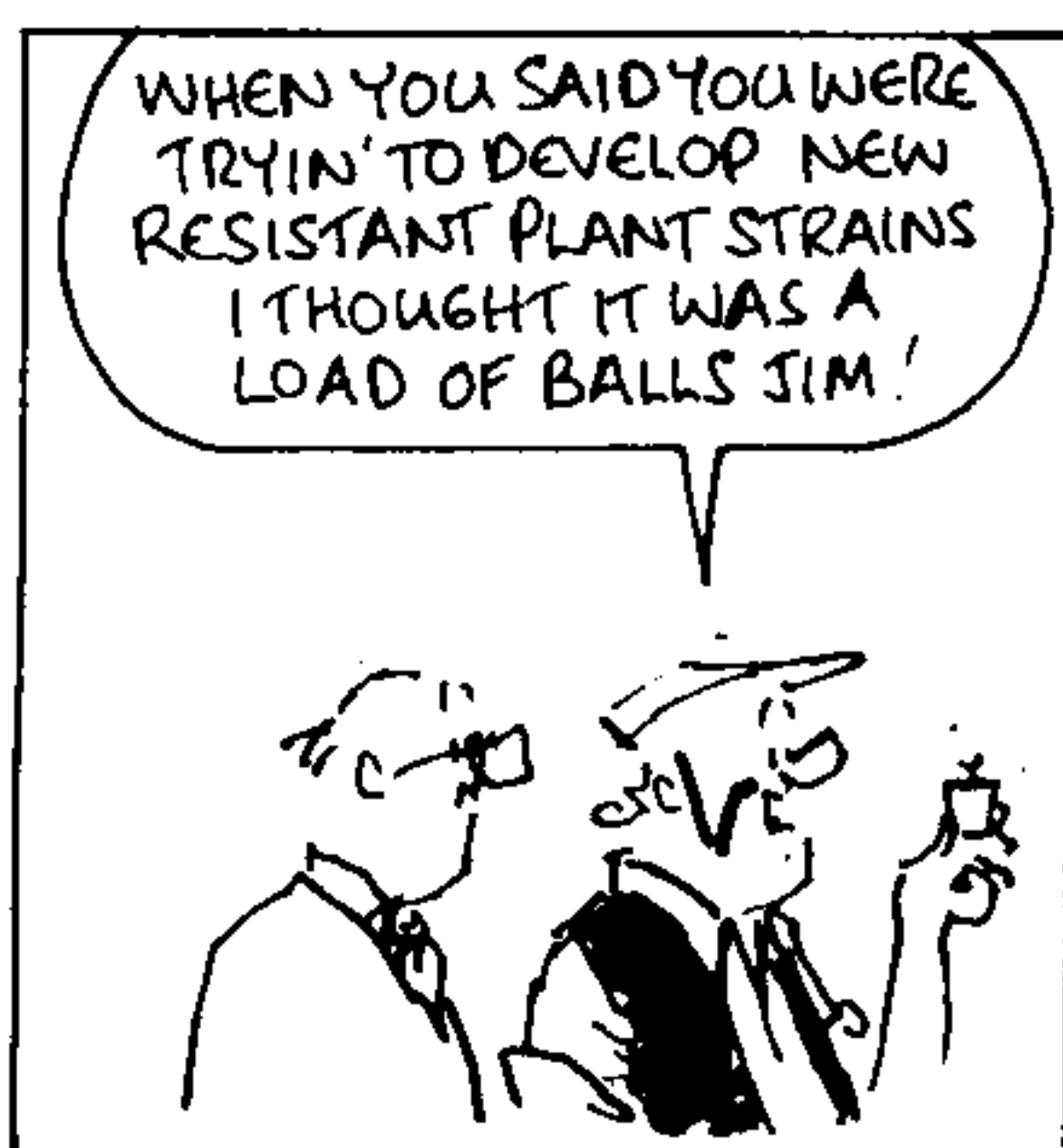
Perhaps you could also clarify something for me. Does having one's title printed in PRIVATE EYE mean that I can count it as a publication for the next Higher Education Funding Council research assessment? If so, my department could be well on its way up from 3 stars to 4 stars.

Regards,
DR KEVIN HETHERINGTON,

Dept. of Sociology and Social Anthropology, Keele University, Staffs.

Old Macdonald

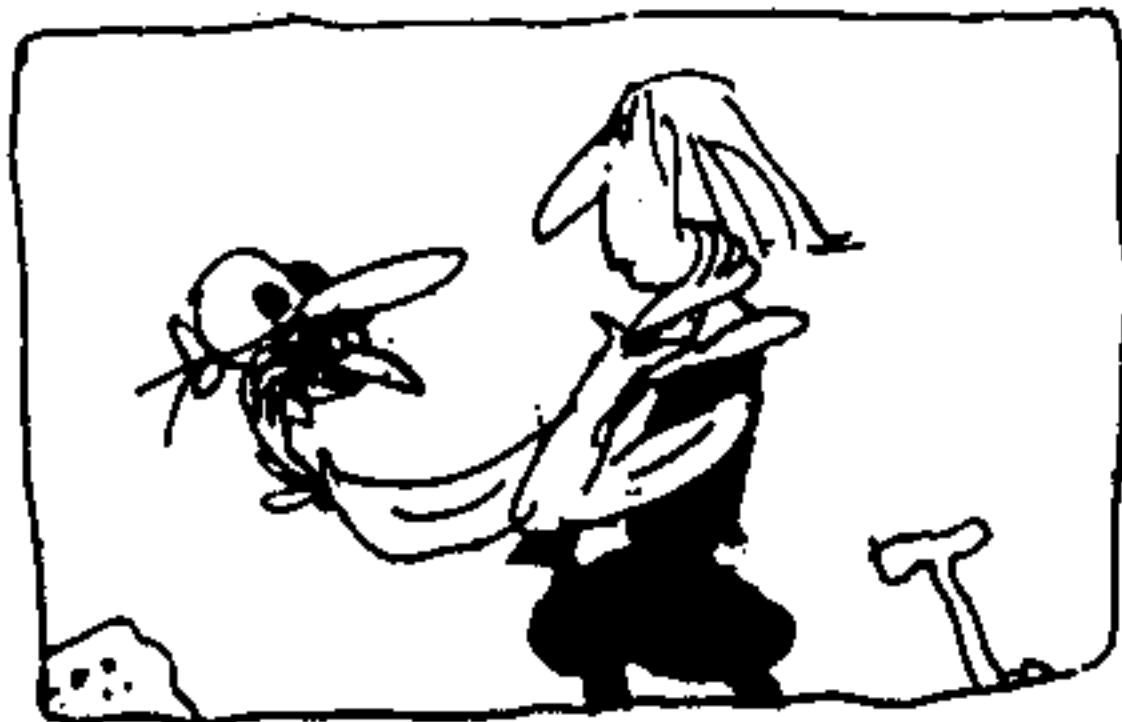
ALBERT



BROUGHTON ROAD SUPERSTORE

FELIX TURKEY 0.41

FEL DUCK & RABBI 0.41



LUVVIES

"I love it when we've seen the same thing, separately or together, because we play idea tennis, response tennis, rage tennis if we don't like something. Wild enthusiasm if we do," Stevenson says.

**JULIET STEVENSON and
PHILIP FRANKS**
Telegraph Magazine

Submitted by R. Riley.

An occasional column devoted to the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Rhodes scholarship?

Sir,

The vehemence of your attack on my interview with Frank Skuse (21 October) is the sort of thing one expects from Zealots guarding The Whole Truth rather than from inquiring hacks.

The fact is that neither the EYE, nor Chris Mullin, nor the Six, know the full story of what happened. What is certain, to anyone with half a brain is that the Authorised Version has its own weak links.

For it only holds together if you accept that a) the Greiss test is useless and b) Frank Skuse is an incompetent old fool. It is neither mischievous nor "an example of the Campaign to Reconvict" to re-examine both these claims.

I certainly have no need to prove my street-cred on the case, having been one of the first journalists to take Chris Mullin seriously and one of the few to interview Hugh Callaghan in prison and conclude that he was innocent.

But I have to say that Skuse comes across not as the doddering oaf of Birmingham Six folklore but as a very precise and persuasive interviewee.

He claims that the Greiss test is reliable and specific, that he carried it out 1,000 times invariably with negative results before getting two positives from the Six, that the "debunking" of the test by WORLD IN ACTION was fatally flawed and that no fewer than 37 government scientists testified to the test's effectiveness before it was ever challenged in court.

Are these no matters of public interest? Or do we keep quiet about those pieces of the jigsaw that don't fit our preferred version of events?

In my interview Frank Skuse makes it absolutely clear that he is not concerned with innocence or guilt, merely with defending his science and clearing his name. Far from accusing the Six, he volunteers the information that contamination with nitroglycerine can be caused by something as innocuous as shaking hands.

Does Frank Skuse's exclusive interview with the EXPRESS & STAR not offer a tantalising glimpse of what may really have happened?

And whose interests is the EYE serving by trying to rubbish it?

Yours,
PETER RHODES,

EXPRESS & STAR, Wolverhampton.

Very testy

Sir,

In your Colour Section (22 Oct) you state that I said new forensic evidence showed the Birmingham Six had handled explosives. But in the second paragraph of my 6 December story I made it clear that the forensic scientist who conducted the 1992 tests "stressed that this was only one of three possibilities".

I then explained in detail what these other possibilities were: namely that the Six could have

been in contact with "people or objects contaminated by explosive material", or that the samples were poorly packaged and could have become contaminated since 1974.

I further stated that swabs connecting Robert Hunter and Patrick Hill with nitroglycerin "were subsequently discovered in vials which had been disturbed". Finally I wrote that "given the uncertainty, Dr King (the forensic scientist) declines to say whether one explanation is more likely than another".

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT PORTER,

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, London E14.

Poppy cock

Sir,

Paul Foot has drawn attention to undesirable features of the red poppy. May I draw attention to desirable features of the white poppy? This really does turn away from war towards peace, and tries at last to put the past behind us. You can get one from the Peace Pledge Union for £1 post paid, or quantities at discounts. The PPU is at 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DX (telephone 071-387 5501).

NICOLAS WALTER,

London N1.

Masters baiter

Sir,

I wonder if your readers have by any chance noticed the remarkable resemblance between Gyorgy Pauk, internationally renowned violinist, and Gyorgy Paik the internationally renowned cellist referred to in Lookalike (831).

Are they by any chance related, were you too pissed to read the letter properly — or is James Masters of Tonbridge, Kent, a bit of a Philistine really?

Yours and all that,
DAVID HEXT,

Sale, Cheshire.

Den of despair

Sir,

As football fans who have just moved from south-east London, we cannot let Bernie Kaestner's letter (EYE 830) about Millwall FC pass without comment. We had the misfortune to make a trip to The Den two seasons ago to watch Millwall play Bristol Rovers. We were aware of the reputation of the local crowd and as we arrived too late to stand with the away supporters, we sat in the stand. We have been to many grounds, before and since, and what we saw flies in the face of Mr Kaestner's claims.

The behaviour of the crowd was the most disgusting we have ever seen on a sports ground. The only two black players on the pitch (both strikers for Rovers) were subjected to a torrent of racial abuse, from all parts of the ground, whenever



"We're being defended by the Thin Red Tape"

they touched the ball or approached the sidelines. This included grandparents with very small children in our section making "monkey" sounds at such moments. These primitives in the crowd greeted any foul on the Rovers front players with far more enthusiasm than when Millwall finally scored.

To say that, as far as racists at matches go, "Millwall are no better or worse" than other clubs is absolute rubbish. An interesting comparison is nearby Charlton Athletic, where an attempt to start racist chanting last season was stamped on by the bulk of fans, the club and the Anti-Nazi League. We are glad to hear that Mr Kaestner supports Lewisham's equal opportunities policy. However, on the day we went, the only black faces we saw were on the mural outside the ground. If "no one likes you" you've only yourselves to blame. We certainly won't be going back.

Yours faithfully,
**MARK FARMER, PAULINE
COLE,**

Bristol.

Lookalike



Thatcher



Worthless

Sir,

I wonder if any readers will be as bemused as I by the resemblance my smarm-detector has divined betwixt Sir Perishing Worthless and the inescapable Boadicea of Thatch?

Yours beyond the Tory millennium,
ENA B. HOROVITZ,

London W11.

The big sob story

Sir,

What a ponderous old bore you are. What do you want — presenters back in dinner jackets? To put you right, if a story like the Gibraltar killing happens, we'll do it.

Yours,
SIMON BERTHON,

Editor, THE BIG STORY, Twenty Twenty Television, London NW1.

Ratty

Sir,

Bookworm's revelation that HarperCollins author Dixon Scott, who wrote a sequel to THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS called A FRESH WIND IN THE WILLOWS, is suing HarperCollins for publishing William Horwood's THE WILLOWS IN WINTER, a second sequel, leaves me in a quandary. I too am a HarperCollins author, and my book WILD WOOD (now an Adlib paperback) was the very first Kenneth Grahame rip-off, back in 1981. It's not part of the booming sequel industry though, thank God, more an alternative version, with Toad and Co as villains and the stoats and weasels of the Wild Wood as the heroes of the rural underclass (No, listen, it's a comedy, a comedy!)

The quandary is this: how can I get on the bandwagon? HarperCollins have published about 15 of my books, but they've never hyped me once. Who can I sue? Who can I insult? When can I be rich, like bloody Horwood, or even bleeding Thatcher? At the very least, let me on your letters page. Every little helps...

Yours from the urban underclass,
JAN NEEDLE,

Greater Manchester.

★ The Great Baddiel & Newman Debate

Sir,
I would just like to throw my full weight behind Mr Harry Thompson, and his well chosen words (22 Oct) in defence of his youthful protégé Mr David Baddiel. By his actions, his words and indeed his deportment, Mr Baddiel shows himself clearly to be a man of rare intellect, a shining beacon of academic excellence, and an example to us all.
He's not funny, but then we can't have everything.

Yours,
PROFESSOR E.F. STILLWELL.

Sir,
How unkind of Harry Thompson (Letters, 831) to blow the whistle on David Baddiel. I was mildly amused to watch street-wise Dave lampooning a prosy old fart. To discover that Dr Baddiel genuinely is a prosy old fart and is merely parading this fact on television, interspersed with imitations of vulgar speech in the manner of Nigel Kennedy or Ben Elton, is rather disappointing.

Yours faithfully,
PETER FERGUSON.

Sir,
Re 'Histrionics today', EYE 831.
I find it curious that someone with Dr David Baddiel's exceptional qualifications — Double First (Camb) and a PhD in Victorian Literature — could be responsible for such a pisspoor product as "Newman & Baddiel in Pieces". Perhaps the legend above a toilet roll dispenser on the Sheffield Campus is a more accurate reflection. It reads: "Arts Degrees — Please Take One".

Yours,
NICK TYRRELL.

Sir,
I was interested to read the letter by Harry Thompson, producer of NEWMAN AND BADDIEL IN PIECES, claiming that David Baddiel holds one of the better (?) double firsts in English ever recorded at Cambridge and a PhD in Victorian Literature. Where is he now? Dressed as an old man and pointing at a picture of a pram saying "That's your car, that is!" It's good to see those hard earned qualifications put to good use! That's your career, that is!

Best wishes,
COLM L. KEEGAN.

Sir,
It must be said that the knowledge of Baddiel's exceptional qualifications hasn't made them seem much funnier to me. They do have their moments (Newman's Jarvis character, for instance — and for some reason I still find "History Today" funny) but Baddiel's monologues in particular are embarrassing.

What I find really amusing is Kipper Williams' anti-B & N thread in Time Out — Williams is really not in a strong position when it comes to accusing other people of being crap. See that Kipper Williams cartoon — that's the funniest joke you ever told, that is.

Yours,
MARK ALLERTON.

Sir,
Ultimately, would anyone bother with them without "History Today"? And yet The Mary Whitehouse Experience was, apart from bouts of childishness, quite funny. Perhaps the other pair (Punt and Dennis I think) contributed more than B&N to holding the show together.

Yours,
DAVID EASTMAN.

Sir,
There is yet some different between Craig Brown and David Baddiel — the former, à la Wallace Arnold, is both original and funny; the latter, un demi of a double entendre, is derivative and dire, a Doctor of Phlatulence.
The result of too much study, methinks.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN DAVIES

Sir,
I was most upset by Craig Brown's attack on the wonderful David Baddiel. If Mr Brown chooses to be a wet blanket all well and good, but do we all have to be smothered in it?
I think both Newman and Baddiel deserve a hearty round of applause for their series!
Go dry your blanket, Mr Brown, but nowhere near me, I can't bear the smell of damp wool, nor for that matter the taste of sour grapes.

Yours sincerely,
R.H.D.

● As a result of this letter Craig Brown has been reinstated as from next week.



Letter from Canada

from Our Own Correspondent

A NEAR revolution has shaken Canada, traditionally considered one of the world's most boring countries.

The Tories' desperation in the recent general election reached a peak when they put up posters highlighting Liberal rival Jean Chretien's twisted face (a childhood illness left it semi-paralysed) — a move that so enraged Canadians the Tories had to pull the poster within hours.

Not only were the Tories wiped off the electoral map, losing all but two of their 54 seats, but the party that came second and forms the official opposition is the separatist Bloc Quebecois, whose sole aim is to dismember Canada.

To say this poses a challenge for prime minister Chretien, leader of the victorious Liberals, is the understatement of the year. The old certainties of consensus, unity and give-and-take between divergent ethnic and linguistic groups have gone — as have two of the three mainstream parties.

Both the Conservatives and New Democrats have lost their status as official parties. Those who came second and third are two regional populist parties: the Bloc in the east; and the unashamedly far-right wing Reform party in the west. They won more than 100 seats between them.

Their astounding rise is a backlash against the nine-year rule of the Tories, under whom we have suffered the worst recession since the second world war. Big companies with close ties to the Tory party were rewarded for their support to the detriment of others (sounds familiar?); while economic and fiscal mismanagement meant the Tories failed to bring down the highest per capita debt in the industrial world, or the massive deficit. They also failed to find a constitutional compromise to placate the sovereignty-minded Quebecers.

Ironically, those really responsible for undermining the accords were the Liberals, the future PM Chretien doing much of the dirty work — for which Quebecers have never forgiven him. The rise of thwarted nationalist demands now threatens instability and polarisation. And it has been helped by a very Canadian phenomenon: no ideas.

The elections were almost entirely about personalities. Chretien, who made no gaffes and has 30 years' solid experience, beat Tory premier Kim Campbell, who was elected four months ago to save her party. She was an unmitigated liability, combining her failings (no political judgement, difficult personality, hopeless communicator, no leadership ability) with a stupendously inept electoral campaign.

Chretien thus won by default due to Canadians' desire for (fairly safe) change. But he lacks the intellect and sophistication of his mentor, Pierre Trudeau. A sound second-rate politician, no one knows if he can create stability in such difficult times.

Ironically, his Achilles' heel is Quebec, where he was born 18th out of 19 children to a poor French-speaking Catholic family, but Quebecers consider him a "vendu". They have never forgiven him for opposing separatism or devolution — or for his "dirty tricks" role in blocking two referenda on reforms to give greater powers to Quebec. This "success" has come to haunt him. It will be the biggest (and most insurmountable) hurdle of his mandate.

His political model, inherited from Trudeau — strong central government, no flexibility, no devolution — is 30 years out of date. This rigidity, his refusal to even discuss his political programme during the election (restricted entirely to allegedly solving unemployment through a two-year \$6 billion public works programme, which will not revive the economy, nor lower the deficit or debt) — will play into the hands of his enemies: the Bloc Quebecois and the ultra-right wing Reform party.

Of the two, Bloc leader Lucien Bouchard is the more intelligent and sophisticated — even though he is intent on separation.

The Reform party's Preston Manning, meanwhile, only two seats behind and the darling of western Anglo-Canadian blue-collar workers, was depicted in a political cartoon last week taking off his shirt to reveal fascist paramilitary gear beneath. Fiercely anti-immigrant, he opposes our democratic bilingual tradition and pledges to cut the deficit by slashing social benefits while opposing French Canadian aspirations.

The growing support for the Reform party — similar to the neo-fascist British National party — worries many Canadians. They fear it will divide the country still further — and is a threat that well-meaning Chretien is ill-equipped to counter.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He always has a look on his face of some sort..."

FOOTBALL COMMENTATOR, ITV
(John Langdon)

"I with myself saw what the soldiers in Bosnia were doing."

MALCOLM RIFKIND, BBC2
(Gerald Steponitis)

"He is taking me so serious, he [Lewis] is fighting under closed doors."

LENNOX LEWIS, Radio 5
(F.E. Gibbard)

"He [Alan Shearer] could be at 100% fitness, but not peak fitness."

GRAHAM TAYLOR, BBC1
(Kevin Twomey)

"The only thing he had in his favour was this breeze, which was against him."

ALEX HAY, BBC2
(Gerry O'Brien)

HOM SAP



BY DAVID AUSTIN

THIS IS NO IRRESPONSIBLE SHORT-TERM GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME

THIS IS



FUNNY OLD WORLD

● Regaining consciousness after being shot in the head by his girlfriend, Robert Iscrupe immediately told her: "Mickey Rooney is on *Hollywood Squares* tonight, and I refuse to miss it. Hospital is out of the question."

Deborah Ann Reynolds later admitted to police that she had shot Iscrupe with a .38 calibre bullet during an argument over which TV programme they wanted to see. "There was blood everywhere and I knew he needed medical help. But when I tried to dial 911 he got very, very angry and I got scared. He's a huge TV fan and told me to drag him into the living room and prop him up on a throw rug so he could see his favourite shows. He spent the next two days watching the television and repeating the phrase 'I am my own doctor, my body can heal itself with the help of Lucille Ball' over and over again."

Answering charges of homicide and aggravated assault, Reynolds told the court how, on the third day, Iscrupe said he was feeling a lot better and demanded to be

driven to his mother's house in nearby Lycippus. "He walked up the drive, let himself in, asked for the remote control unit, passed wind, and then dropped down dead on the kitchen floor. He only went there because we don't have cable. But I don't feel I'm in any way to blame." (*Weekly World News*, 5/10/93. Spotter — Francis Harvey)

— ● —

● "We weren't being inhumane to the dogs, only to disk jockeys," a spokesman for the Los Angeles radio station KROQ-FM said in a press statement. "Tilles is the most stupid, egotistical DJ I've ever worked with. He must have been insane to sign a contract with the network agreeing to give up his rights as a human being."

A planned publicity stunt by the station had been halted by the city's Department of Animal Regulation after complaints from pet lovers. Fellow radio presenters Kevin Ryder and Bean Baxter explained: "We dressed Jay 'Kebab' Tilles in a bite suit, and wrapped him completely in hunks of beef. We got three pit bull terriers ready and were about to let them loose and see what happened when these goddamn officials appeared and told us we'd be violating state law if we carried on."

"It's crazy. They told us we'd be accused of worrying the dogs. But the dogs weren't worried, they were loving every minute of it. Tilles was a little worried though. But he'd already told us he'd do anything to break into television. He's a very sad man really." (*UPI*, 16/7/93. Spotter — Darren Ingram)

— ● —

● "This is not just a moral issue," declared a spokesman from the vice squad of Xiangzhou city police.



"More seriously, these people are clearly contravening the terms of their pension by continuing to work."

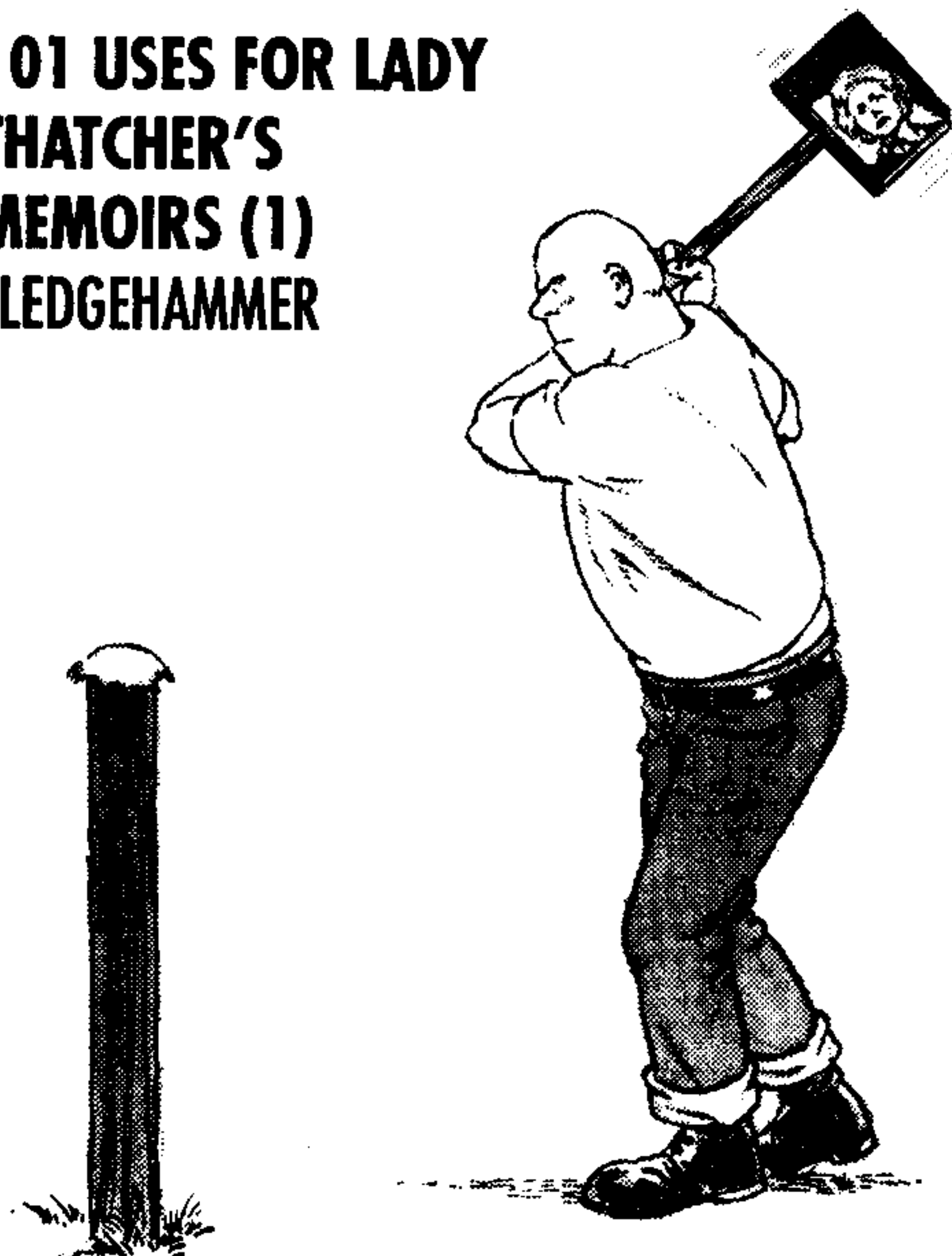
He was speaking shortly after police had jailed the members of two prostitution rings operating in the city's central Fengboshan Park. "I've never seen anything like it. The oldest was 93. The madam told us her 'girls' — all aged over 70 — catered for 200 clients a month, and offered a wide range of services. Nude peeking was 5 yuan, bosom-touching was 10 yuan, manual relaxation was 50 yuan and oral relief was 60 yuan, rising to 80 yuan if the client wanted the teeth out."

"We recognise that the park is in the Zhuhai Special Enterprise Zone, where private businesses are strongly encouraged but, even so, such conduct is quite unacceptable." (*South China Morning Post*, 15/3/93. Spotter — Dave Stoddart)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

101 USES FOR LADY THATCHER'S MEMOIRS (1) SLEDGEHAMMER



Booker winners

Kenneth Clarke Ha Ha Ha

Hilarious story of boy with mental age of ten who finds it difficult to add up.

Paddy Ashdown Ha Ha Ha

Hilarious story of boy of 10 seats who says he is going to form the next government and then crashes his car.

Alan Clark Ha Ha Ha

Hilarious story of boy of 10 women who refuses to appear in front of the Scott Inquiry.

Roddy Doyle Ha Ha ha

Hilarious story of man laughing all the way to the bank. (*That's enough. Ed*)

THOMAS THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

A Bridge Too Low

"H O, ho! Look who's got too big for his tyres!" said Thomas during an emergency stop. The track ahead was buckled and down below was Jacko the Juggernaut — wedged under the railway bridge. "You've already poached all our freight, Jacko, and now you're trying to carry off our railway track as well, eh?"

Thomas's laughter was cut short when the Fat Controller arrived. "Rail services suspended for a fortnight," he panted.

"But last time this happened we had two trains — one each side of the bridge," Thomas complained.

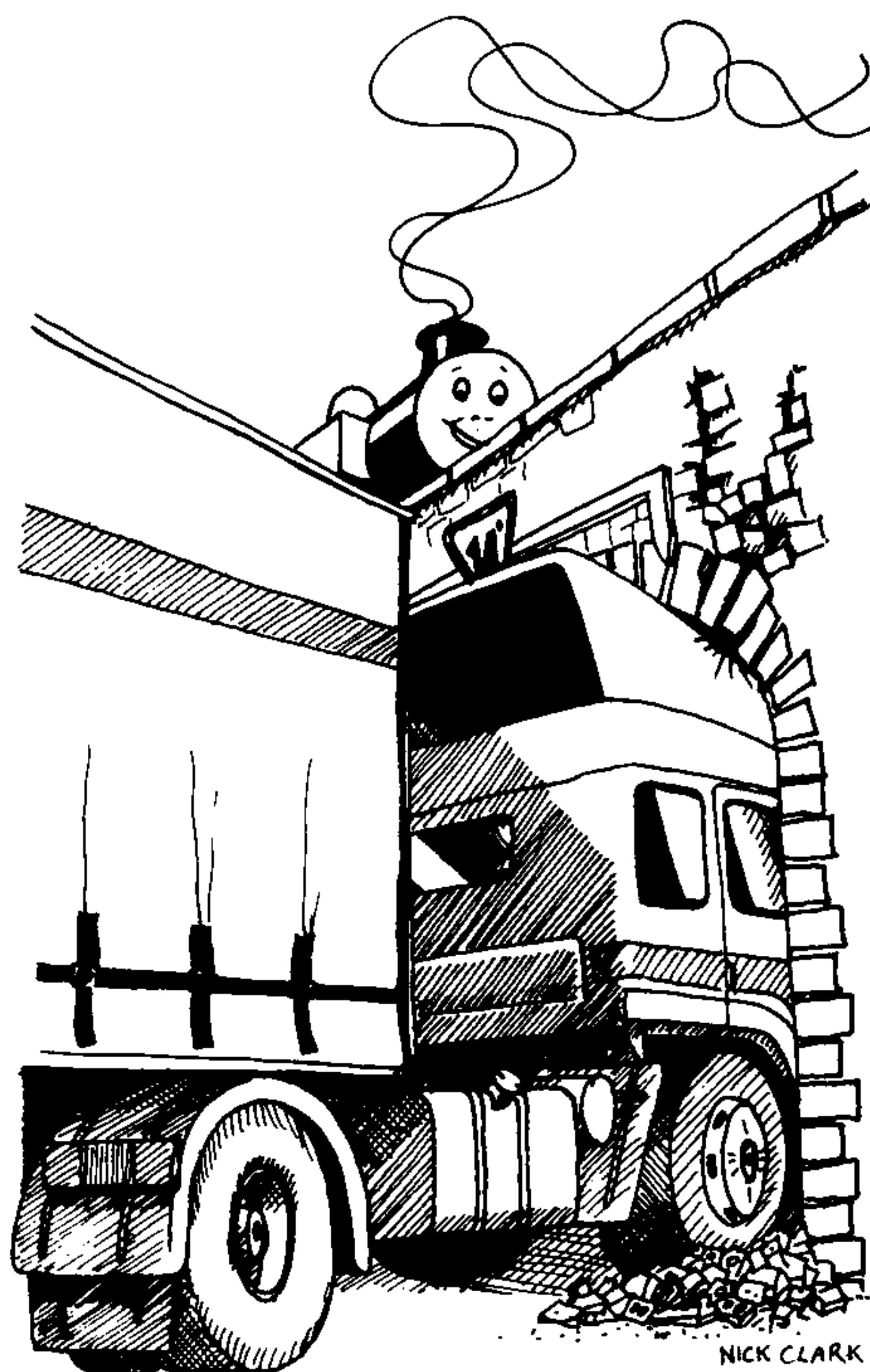
"We can't afford to hire rolling stock from someone else." And he called out to the passengers, "Hurry along, please. Your bus is just off to the left, thank you."

Thomas returned to the big station, where the Grey Controller was about to get into his car. "Hey, there's trains lying around but we're hiring a bus because the trains belong to a different part of the company," said Thomas.

"Your rail network is deeply inefficient," said the Grey Controller.

Three months later Thomas noticed Jacko parked outside the magistrates' court.

"You're a very naughty lorry," said the magistrate, standing before him. "Your stupidity in driving at a bridge which you should have known was too low for you caused great disruption to traffic. My husband had to drive the long way round — and it took him an extra twenty minutes." She peered at Jacko over her



glasses. "Therefore I am fining you £150, so you won't be so careless in future."

"What about the costs?" Thomas called out.

"Silence! I am also ordering you to pay £30 costs. Now is everything clear?"

"Absolutely, ma'am" said Jacko with a grin.

CHESTER SQUARE SW1

Dear Bill,

I do apologise for the very unfortunate episode at the Boss's book signing at Harrods. I had given your name to the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, but with the queue stretching as far as Sloane Square the forces of law and order were somewhat overstretched.

However, without wishing to seem in any way stuffy, I think it may have been unwise of you to don a false beard and insist that your name was Gerry Adams. Having said that, the Boys in Blue had no business to bang your head on the pavement like that or forge your signature on the confession admitting to blowing up half of Belfast over a period of several years. Daphne showed me a photograph of your bruises and it must have been jolly unpleasant. On a cheerier note, the Boss beat all signing records, even that Solomon Rushton and his Book of Dirty Limericks.

Do you remember that pair of Gippos who bought Harrods and were always slipping Margaret free toiletries? Sure enough they both came oiling out of the woodwork to rub their hands and smirk in the Book Department. It turns out that the tall German who used to own the Observer has been forced by his shareholders to throw in the towel and be photographed shaking hands with them in the Food Hall with a shark hanging over his head with his name written on it. Talk about eating humble pie. It put me in mind of the time Prosser Cluff had to go and chew sheep's eyes with the head of the Fire Brigade in K.L. after he burned down the old people's home claiming it was a guerrilla headquarters.

Having done two hours on duty at Harrods, standing behind the table and grinning like a chimpanzee every time the reptiles screwed on a new lens, I was excused boots for the Midlands Blitzkrieg (twenty four shops in twenty four hours) intended to zap the competition back into the stone age. So, with the cat as it were away I deemed it no bad thing to summon my fellow mice to Chester Square for a bit of a shindig. The Major and Maurice turned up, as did the latter's new Dog Lady, complete with eight or nine full-sized poodles, together with Fruity Keswick who used to run the NAAFI in Willesden and several people whose names I didn't catch who were

helping Maurice with a big Boot Sale in Tenterden and had got lost.

Murdoch had very decently sent round three dozen crates of Australian lager for Margaret to taste, and what with a supply of Smirnoff left behind after poor Gorbo's last visit things were going on like a house on fire, despite some pretty desperate thumping on the wall from the fiddler johnny next door and telephone threats from his over-talkative wife to call the police. Maurice shouted "I am the police!" and that seemed finally to shut her up.

At this point there was a squeal of brakes outside the front door and the ghastly son and heir let himself in with one of Margaret's latchkeys. Ignoring affectionate greetings from the kennel lady who was watering her dogs in his bath with the contents of Mr Murdoch's lager cans, he opened a large trunk and began hastily to throw in his effects, including various files marked Iraggate, and announced without any tremor of emotion that he had decided to take out Costa Rican citizenship and that the baronetcy would have to pass to his cousin Ferdy.

Did you see my little woman doing her stuff on TV? Despite the slight trembling of her hand and barely perceptible slur in her voice I thought she came over magnificently. The way those hopeless old buffers like Fatty Prior and Cemetery Features Gilmour whinged on really made one wonder why on earth anyone had ever given them a job in the first place. Even Carrington failed to raise much of a laugh. Hats off to Brother Scully for doing a bloody good PR job.

As a result of all this, Margaret's court in exile are now seriously laying plans for the Restoration with that Spanish bertie Mr Portillo as her chief hit man. With any luck I shall by then have snuffed it. Dr O'Gooley who gave me a check-up after I passed out at the Literary Lunch said I had the body of a man of a hundred and ten and he had no idea the human liver could take such punishment.

Are you on for the Fireworks chez Maurice? He's borrowing a house called Knole near Sevenoaks for the indoor display with lashings of electric soup beforehand. If you come could you give a lift to poor Cookie Streeb-Greebling who has had his licence taken away again after the episode outside the pizza parlour on the North Circular.

Yours lighting the blue touchpaper and retiring,

Denis

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47½

Monday

I am in a substantially happy mood due to the no small measure of success achieved by my Charter initiative.

Today Mr Waldegrave handed out no less than 738 Charter Badges awarded for excellence in the field of Charter Compliance — no mean feat. Oh yes. Or rather, oh no.

The top award of all goes to the InterCity Customer Services Department for their fine work in keeping customers informed about which trains are late or have been cancelled. Mr Waldegrave summed it up when he told their chief executive: "Well done. Now we get a better price when we sell you off."

Talking of rail privatisation, Mr Macgregor has won a great victory over the so-called rebels. British Rail will now be allowed to bid for the franchises. Except all their bids will be turned down. The rebels seem very happy with this concession and I can now take their names out of my 'Rebels' book which I bought last week from Rymans (who have incidentally been given a charter award for informing customers when they had no more little black books left in stock due to unforeseen demand from Downing Street).

Tuesday

In her book which I have not read, certainly not ten times already, Mrs Thatcher refers to me as "drifting with the tide". This is nonsense as I told a man with a beard on Radio 4's Start The Day. "Oh no," I said, "I did not drift with the tide. I just did what everyone else did." That will finally put paid to Mrs Thatcher.

Wednesday

People are still asking me why there is so much interest in Mrs Thatcher's book. Well, I am not interested. I have not mentioned it at all in my diary. Except for a few times. There is no doubt who is to blame for her being rude about me. It is the media. They have hyped the whole thing out of all proportion. As I told the woman on Radio 4's The World Tomorrow programme: "You are all obsessed by Mrs Thatcher. Let us change the subject and talk about something important. Like what she says about me on page 658 of her book. Which I have not read." I think that draws a line under that!

Thursday

Today is a truly historic day. I met Princess Diana who is the most famous

woman in the world. My wife Norman tells me that she has been on the cover of Hello! magazine more times than anyone else.

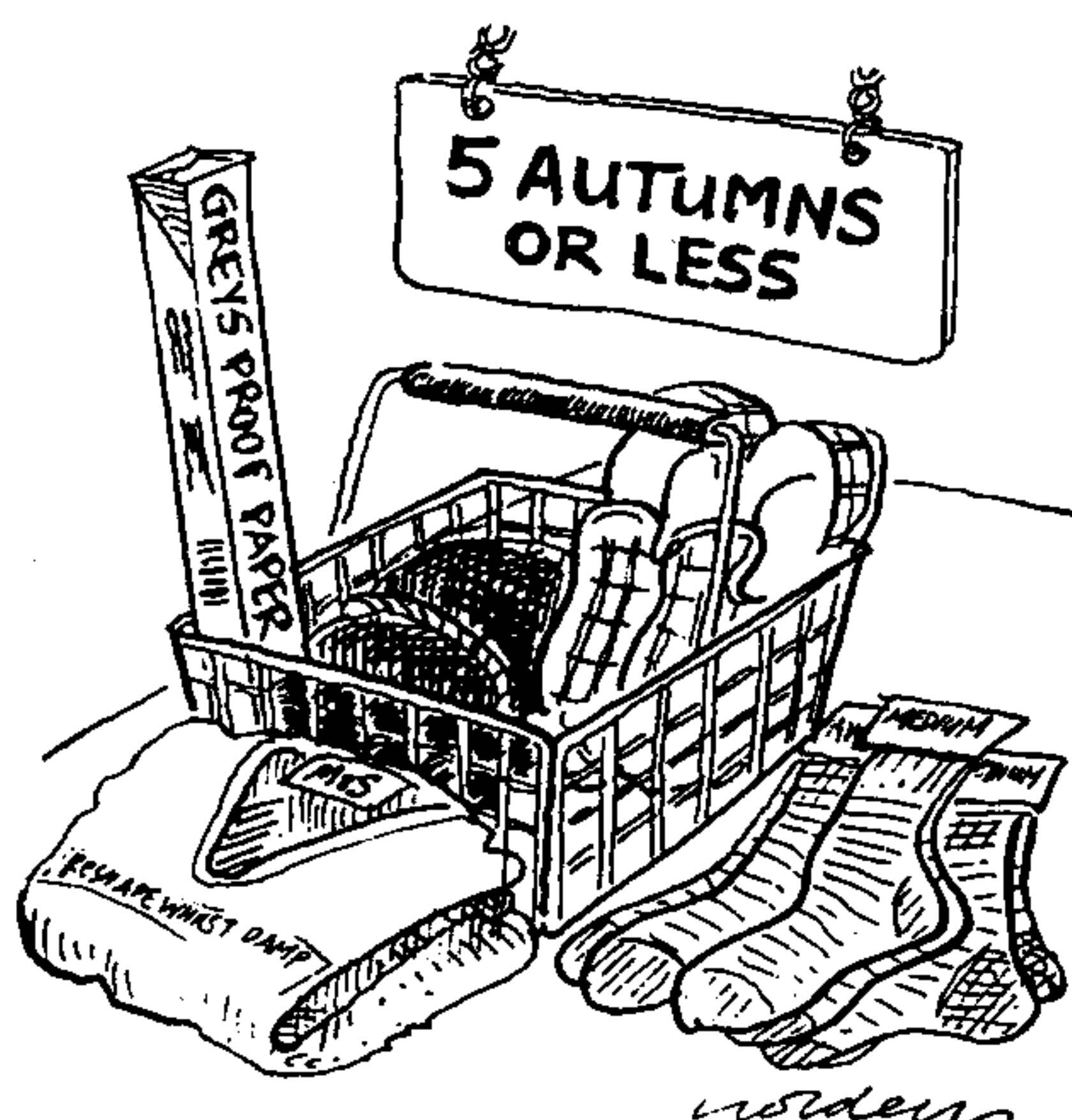
She is not only tall but also in my judgement not inconsiderably attractive. She told me she would like to be a roving ambassador. "You may think," she said, "that all I want to do is fly around the world and be photographed with celebrities and that that would be a waste of time."

"Oh no," I said. "That sounds very important and worthwhile. And it will make you very popular."

"I hope so," she said. "Though it obviously doesn't work for everyone," giving me a very funny look.

Friday

I read in the newspapers that my wife Norman had a private Christmas shopping session in Marks and Spencer. She got the idea from Mrs Bottomley who was frightened to go into the shop in normal hours in case she was pelted with eggs. Norman told me that she had rung the store saying that her husband was even more unpopular than Mrs Bottomley, and



she was afraid of being attacked by old age pensioners shopping for extra thermal underwear.

Norman came home with a very prudent choice of grey pullover, grey socks, grey dressing gown and a rather snazzy pair of grey slippers. "How did you know what to get me?" I asked. "I just pointed to the dummy in the window," she explained, "and told them that I would have all the things that he was wearing."

I am seriously considering awarding a customer care charter badge to Marks and Spencer for their outstanding services to my wife.

Saturday

In our regular weekend emergency cabinet meeting, Mr Heseltine stood up and did his exercises to show how fit he is. He then announced that all the remaining coal mines are to be closed down.

"I thought we decided to keep them open," I said, quick as a flash, to show Mr Heseltine that I was still prime minister.

"Yes," he said, "but that was six months ago. Everyone's forgotten that now. They are only interested in Mrs Thatcher's book."

Mr Heseltine may have to walk out of my cabinet as well. Oh yes.

Later I brought up the subject of my brilliant new idea: the ID card. "This will stop crime by single-parent mothers claiming social security," I said. "Everyone will have one. Even me."

"That's a good idea," said Mr Waldegrave, as he handed out the tea. "Then at least someone will know who you are."

They all laughed and Mr Clarke (who I'm not sure if he is my friend or not) choked on his cigarette and spilt ash onto his budget figures.

Monday

Today I went to a country called Brussels where I met my old friend Mr Hurd and also a Mr Reynolds who told me that he was the Prime Minister of Ireland, a country which is very near to England on the map. "And what are you doing here?" I said. He replied with something that I did not catch, but I met him later at a big dinner that my friend, Mr Herr Kohl, had laid on. This was very lavish indeed and was held to celebrate his triumph over the Maastricht Treaty.

But Kohl is not the only one. I have my own personal triumph to record. Although the Germans have told us that Frankfurt is to be the financial capital of the EC, Britain is to get the European Medical Evaluation Agency. This is certainly good news for all medical evaluators everywhere, oh yes. No wonder we were drinking champagne and eating caviar until nine o'clock in the evening!

Meanwhile, Mr Reynolds told me about the trouble in Northern Ireland, which is not in Ireland but in Britain. We decided that something should be done. "But there would have to be peace first," I said, "otherwise how can we stop the war?" Mr Reynolds agreed, so it was a very productive meeting. He could easily become my friend, but Mr Hurd warned me that my other friends, the Ulster Unionists who very kindly vote for me when I am in trouble, would not take kindly to this.

Tuesday

My wife Norman showed me some newspaper pictures of my brother Terry at the circus where he was putting his arm round some pin-up girls, rather like Mr Lamont used to do with Mrs Bottomley. Norman said: "Terry is going to fly round the world having his picture taken with famous people". "He will look very stupid," I told her. "There is nothing more embarrassing than some complete unknown making a fool of himself on the world stage."

"You can say that again," she said. So I did, but it was pointless because I had already said it once. Sometimes women can be very slow off the mark.

That Upperclass Blind Date in full – Hooray Henry and Sloane fail to hit it off



Cilla: You've been all over the world on holiday and you had a sooper wedding in St Paul's Cathedral and you gorra a beautiful home in Gloucestershire and yer own helicopter thrown in. So tell us, chuck, did yer 'ave a luvly time?

Prince Charles (for it is he): Yes, it was very agreeable to begin with, we had a lot of fun especially when we went to Spain and stayed with the King.

Cilla: Ooh, posh! *(Audience cheer)* Now what about you, luv, did yer 'ansome prince turn out like you hoped?

Princess Diana (for it is she): Well, Cilla, to be honest, I think I picked the wrong one. Charles is much older than me and very serious. In fact, he's a bit of a bore.

Cilla: Ooh!!
(Shot of red-faced Charles on sofa next to Di looking very angry)

Charles: That really is appalling. Just because I play polo and the cello, talk about architecture and Shakespeare and the meaning of life and so

forth doesn't mean I'm boring.
Cilla: Quite right, chuck! Come off it, Di, he's a lovely fella, isn't he everyone?
(Audience cheer wildly and wave flags)

Charles: Thank you. Thank you very much indeed. You're very kind.

Cilla: And 'ow did the pair of youse gerron social-like?

Diana: He didn't like any of my friends.

Charles: And she didn't like mine either, particularly Camilla.

Diana: And what about Squidgie then?

Cilla: Now, now you two. You sound just like a married couple! *(Audience has hysterics at Cilla's familiar joke from the autocue)* Will youse be seeing each other again or is tharrit?

Charles: Well, I'm perfectly happy to meet now and again, at the Trooping The Colour and that sort of thing.

Cilla: Well, Di, he still wants to see ya, so there's still hope, eh wack?

Diana: No, there bloody well isn't.
(Audience cheers wildly)

Cilla: Well, that's it for now. Next week it's the oldies' turn. Lovely Raine Spencer and the suave Count de Chambrun. We'll be seeing how they got on on their... BLIND DATE! Tarra!!!

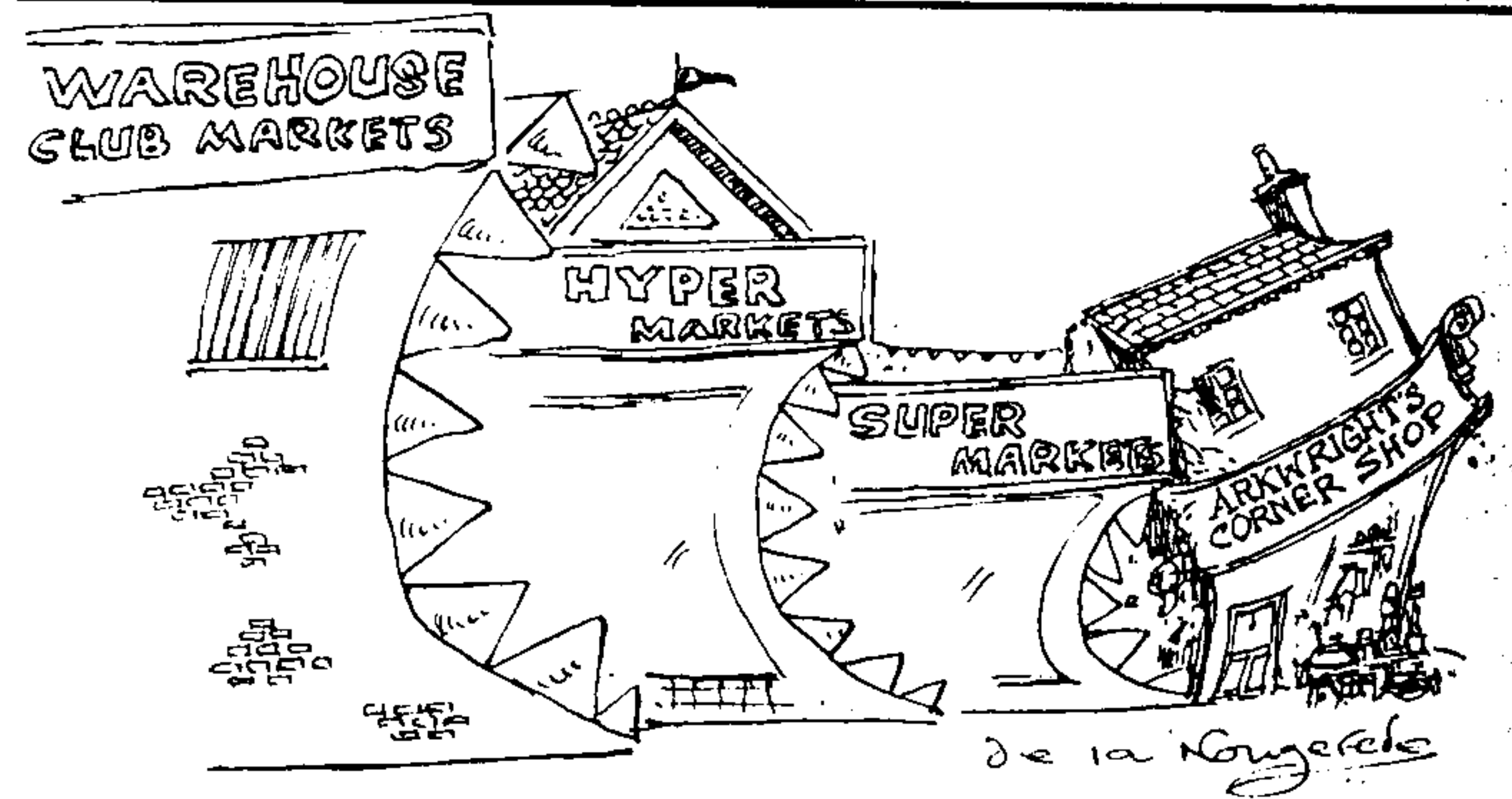
(Silly music and caption rolls)
COMING SOON: Oliver Reed and Jeff Bernard go out together in BLIND DRUNK.

Ulster Latest

NO ONE KILLED FOR FIVE MINUTES

by Our Northern Ireland Correspondent Sir Patrick Mayhem

THERE was renewed tension in the province yesterday when no one was murdered for a space of five minutes. Spokesmen for extremists on both sides condemned the non-violence as a worrying sign and paramilitaries from both the Republican and Protestant wings were quick to deny responsibility for the lack of atrocities. They said that there would be "renewed efforts to re-start the violence" as soon as possible.



JUDGE ON TV SHOCK

Mr Justice Cocklecarrot, a leading High Court Judge, made a break with tradition last night when he appeared on the unpopular BBC programme, *Question Time*. In an amazing outburst the Judge confessed that he was "just like any other ordinary citizen". He admitted that:

- He eats cornflakes for breakfast.
- He regularly brushes his teeth.

There were gasps from the audience as Cocklecarrot continued to draw parallels between himself and the common man.

"I use public transport", he said, "except that I don't and my children go to an ordinary school called Eton."

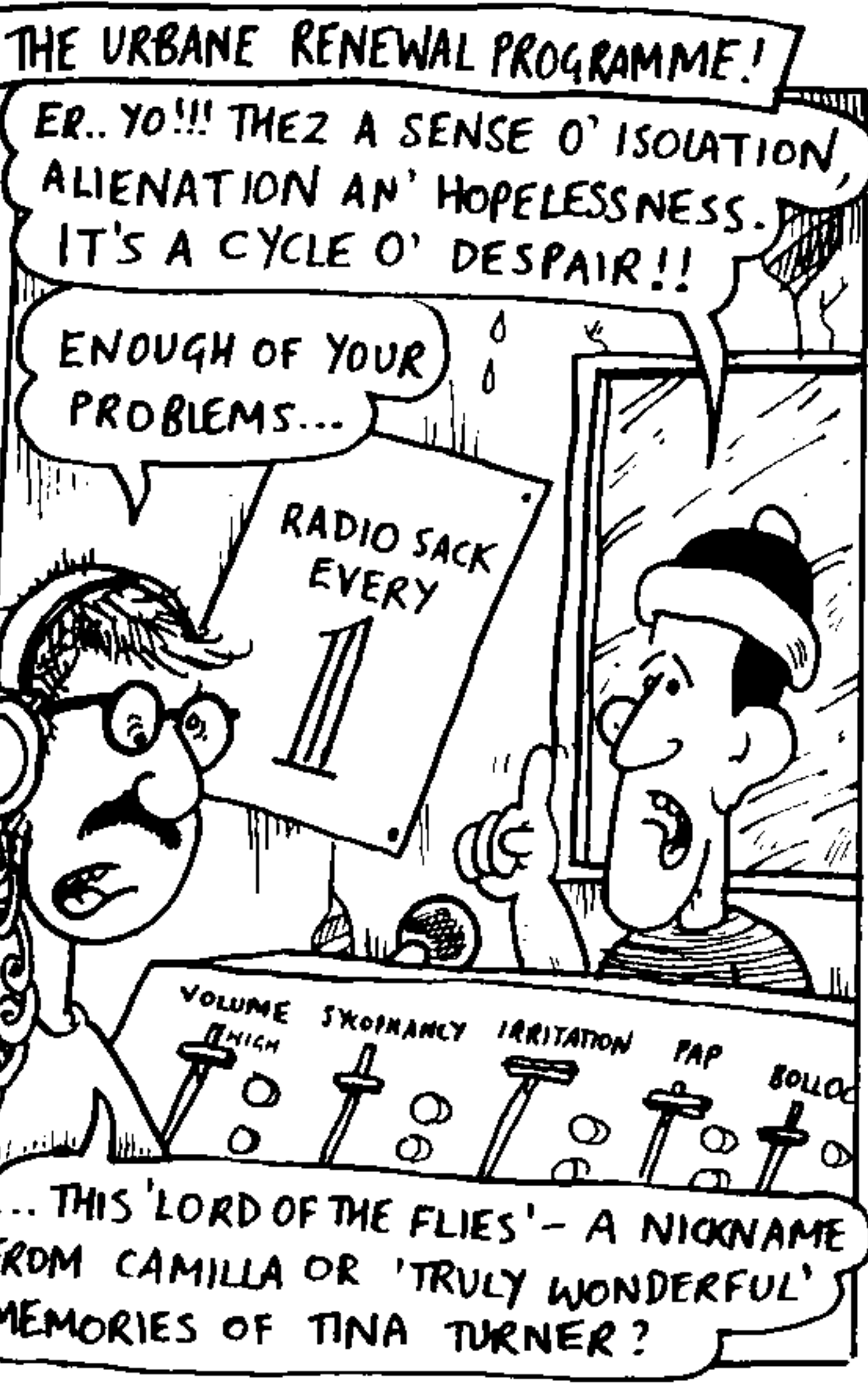
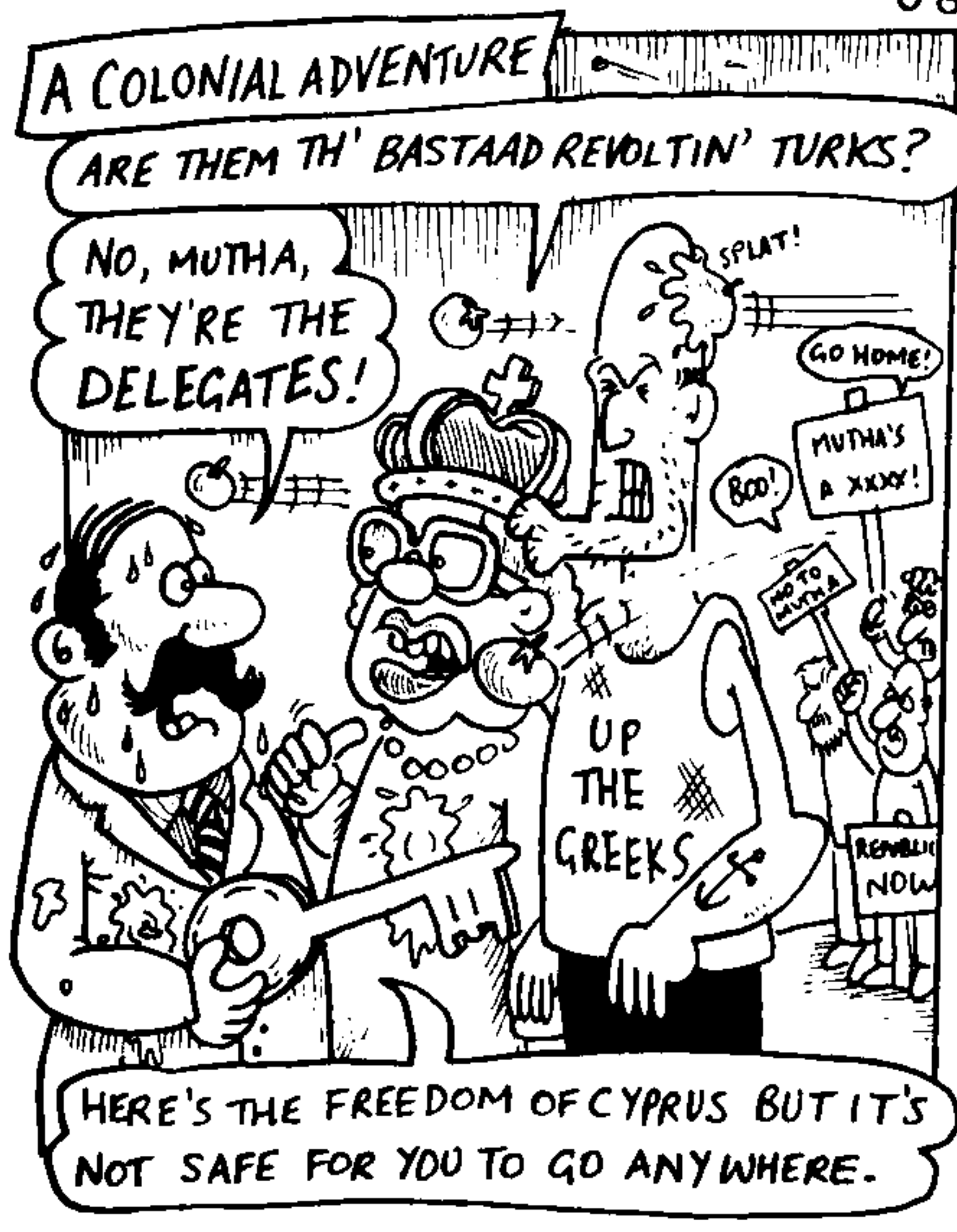
- He sleeps in a bed.

Justice Cocklecarrot is 108.

U2



BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ



P

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Jo Grimond MP

So. Farewell
Then
Jo Grimond.

Liberal leader
Of long
Ago.

"I shall march
My troops towards
The sound of
Gunfire."

That was
Your catchphrase.

But according to
Keith
(Who
Reads the *New
Statesman* and
Knows about
Politics)

You never
Even got
Near it.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

This poem is from E.J. Thribb's collection *A Few Dead Leaves* and appears in the *Independent* courtesy of Faber & Faber. Thribb works part-time as a Literary Officer for Neasden University (formerly the North Circular Polytechnic), where he is Poet In Residence. He was a finalist in last year's T.S. Eliot Award and hopes that this poem is bad enough to win this year.



Great Bores Of Today.

"... I can't find my way round any more and there's far too many of them by the time you've finished Saturday's it's Monday and there's still all of Sunday's to go every newspaper has hundreds of sections nowadays you need a wheelbarrow I feel sorry for the kids who have to deliver them and the poor old newsagents have to put them all together it takes ages and last week we only got ours at teatime mind you I quite like the Living Media section which comes out on Tuesday in the *Guardian* or is it Friday in the *Indie on Sunday*? no I tell a lie it's in the sports section of the *Sunday Times* no it's Saturday's *Telegraph* with the family supplement anyway all you really need is the TV listings which they've moved they used to be on the back of the Review but now they've got their own section which comes inside the Business News which I usually throw away and there's nothing in them they must be desperate they just interview each other and go to the same restaurants and the columnists write about each other's columns we're seriously thinking of cutting down and only having three of them..."

Celeb

LIGGER



IDEAL XMAS GIFT FROM GNOMEMART



PLAY DEFENCE CUTS WITH

ACTION MANDARIN

Yes! Action Mandarin is the most dangerous model yet! He comes with:



- Pen
- Copy of *Defence Review*
- Deadly P-45
- Ability to fire whole regiments
- Desk
- Set of memos to Chiefs of Staff
- Combat gear (suit)
- BR season ticket to Burgess Hill

It's the dead of afternoon and Action Mandarin is creeping up on the entire armed forces. They haven't got a chance!

Enjoy all the thrills and spills of a full scale budget review in your own living room as you pit Action Mandarin against the need to save £50 billion!

Price: Invasion by unnamed foreign power (Germany) at future date

KNACKER RELEASES SUSPECT

by Our Crime Staff
Lunchtime U'Turn

POLICE today announced that they would let off a man who they had suspected of conspiracy to implement the Sheehy Report.

The man, who can not be

named as Michael Howard, is an unemployed home secretary of no fixed principles.

Inspector Knacker said: "We have questioned the suspect at length and, let's be honest, we've worked him over bit. He has finally confessed that the Sheehy Report is an offence to ourselves and should never have been committed to paper."

Inspector Knacker is a very happy man.

In a tumultuous period in June and July, heavy-weight speeches were made about the Review by Sir John Banham, chairman of the Commission and by the new Secretary of State for the Environment, John Bummer.

Local Council Review

18 What was the score when Scotland beat Zaire 2-0 in the 1974 World Cup.

Daily Record

In the Courts

'Woman led me on' says man with glasses

by Joshua Rozenbeard

Day 94.

The man with glasses today claimed that the blonde woman had encouraged him by a series of suggestive statements such as "You're the one", "I've got my eye on you" and "Would you like to be Prime Minister?"

Speaking in his own defence the man with glasses said: "It is no good her regretting it afterwards. It was quite clear I was the one she wanted."

The blonde woman however said that, even though they were friends, she had not meant it to go so far. "I always thought of him as a wimp. Someone who would drift with the tide. I liked him, it is true, but I never gave consent for him to do what he did."

The jury retired for two minutes and returned a verdict of extreme boredom on the grounds of lack of interest. The names of neither of the two parties can be revealed but they are Mrs M. Thatcher and Mr J. Major.

A High Court Judge writes RSI

As a judge, I am often asked: "Your Honour, I've got these pins and needles in my

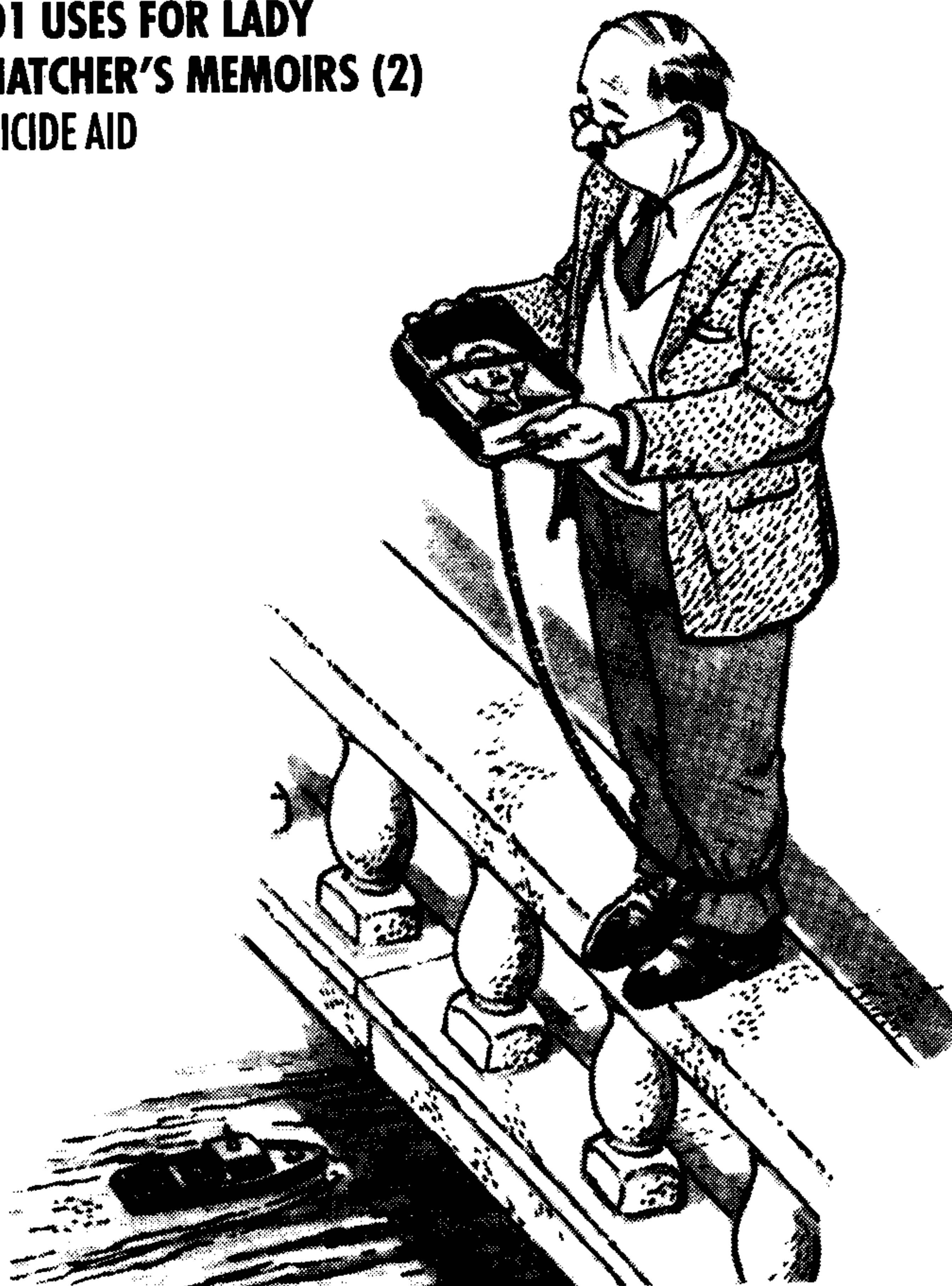
arms and a headache and I just feel terrible some days. What is wrong with me?"

The simple answer is nothing. Next case, please.

If you think you are suffering from Repetitive Strain Injury, do not try and claim damages in front of Judge Tosser.

© A. Judge

101 USES FOR LADY THATCHER'S MEMOIRS (2) SUICIDE AID



Lines On The Reconciliation Of Roland "Tiny" Rowland and Mohammed Al-Fayed

'Twas in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-three
That there occurred a sight we never thought we would see.

It took place in the Grand Food Hall of Harrods,
Between the German-born entrepreneur and one of the world's best-known Arabs.

The shaking of hands by Roland and al-Fayed
Signified at last that their long-running battle was dead.
As the two men stood smiling in front of the cold meat fridge,
A massive cheer went up throughout the whole of Knightsbridge.

For as long as anyone could recall
The two men had fought over control of Harrods' Food Hall.
It had gone on record as the world's longest-ever feud
As the two tycoons one another had sued.

It all went back to the takeover of the House of Fraser
When Mr al-Fayed met Mrs Thatcher and managed to amaze her
By his wealth and high-born Egyptian pedigree.
"Here is a man," she said, "we are pleased to see."

But Mr "Tiny" Rowland took another point of view,
Especially when his own bid for the House of Fraser fell through.
He successfully proved in the eyes of many
That Mohammed al-Fayed was a fraud without a penny.

He complained bitterly to Norman Tebbit at the DTI,
Saying that "This man has told you a great big lie.
You think he is wealthy but he is really a bum
And, what is more, I have photographs of his birthplace
— an Egyptian slum!"

At once the writs began to fly
And stories began to appear in the Slicker column of Private Eye.
Lawyers throughout the capital rubbed their hands in glee,
As they thought of the court case and their own enormous fee.

Then "Tiny" played his long-awaited trump card
With the help of his trusty sidekick, editor Donald Trelford.
To show the wrongdoing of his so-called Egyptian sheikh
He brought out his Sunday Observer in the middle of the week.

This remarkable publication did its best to show
That Mr al-Fayed was, to coin a phrase, "The Phoney Pharaoh".

"Hero From Zero" was another of Trelford's jibes
And the whole thing certainly created, as young folk say,
very bad vibes.

But al-Fayed was not a man to be easily outdone.
He determined to answer back with his own wee bit of fun.

He had a model made of a giant plastic shark,
Called it "Tiny" and hung it up in Harrods for a lark.

And so it would have continued between al-Fayed and Tiny,

Except for the arrival of a German in a Mercedes so shiny.
This gentleman's name was Herr Dieter Bock,
And his first job at Lonrho was to give Rowland a nasty shock.

He noted that Lonrho had suffered huge losses
And pointed the finger at the most senior of all the bosses.

Mr Bock said The Observer would have to be sold.
And when Tiny complained he said "You will do as you are told."

Then Mr Bock had another look at the books
And said "You're wasting millions fighting these Egyptian crooks.

Put an end at once to this costly vendetta.
I've written your apology — it's here in this letter."

And Mohammed al-Fayed was happy with this to go along
Because he was so hard up he'd had to flog off many of his stores for a song.

And thus came to pass this great reconciliation,
Much to the delight of the entire British nation.

Nothing so hopeful and moving had been seen
Since the handshake on the White House lawn between Yasser Arafat and Yitzak Rabin.

And as bells throughout the land began to chime,
The two old rascals smiled and agreed it had all been a terrible waste of time.

© William Rees MacGonagall

THE STAGE NOVEMBER 5 1993

page 94

SAMMY SPOONS

Cabaret entertainer,
ventriloquist and balloon
artist. As seen on Anglia
TV's talent show "Don't Call
Us". Available for panto,
children's parties, RSC etc.

FRANKIE FAME

Known as
The Golden Voice.
Fresh from a season on the
P&O Spirit of Bruges ferry
(Sheerness to Ostend).
Sings light classical to
country and western.
Supported Kenny Sanders
Jazz Band on recent
Belgian tour.

'GERRY'

Soundalike Irishman with uncanny Gerry Adams vocal
impersonation!! He even does lip-synch! You'll believe it's really
Mr Sinn Fein himself! But you won't believe what he's saying!!
As seen on 9 O'Clock News, News at Ten, Newsnight,
Channel 4 News etc. Available for Peace Talks, Apologies,
IRA Funerals, Political Blackmail etc.
Will bring own onion.

TV Highlights

THE AVENGERS They're
back! That man in the bowler
hat with the orange sash and
his violent sidekicks meting
our their own brand of justice.
First seen in the 'sixties, this
"hit" series has continued ever
since with its popular blend of
mindless violence and violent
mindlessness. Attracts
fanatical following. (*Bloody
Repeat*)



POET HOUSING. Avlaries, kennels,
catteries, hatched arks and
poultry buildings.

Wealden Advertiser

The base for our sty is the Hotel Kraft (Italian 4
star rating) which is by the river Arno in one of
the quietest parts of Florence.

Grauniad Travel Offer



PETER McKNICKERS

Fingers crossed — it's all quiet in Ireland, isn't it? Perhaps after all these years peace is on its way. After all, the Bosnians and Serbs have made it up, so why not the Irish? Wouldn't that be fine and grandy?

● *My friend Andrew Wilson is celebrating his 43rd birthday! I have given him a nice stout pair of woollen gloves to mark the occasion. Just the thing, wouldn't you think, now that it's summer time?*

● *It must be very difficult if you are a Cabinet Minister to find time to go shopping. Why couldn't a shop like Marks & Spencer open its doors out of hours to help such a person?*

But no — they would not hear of it. No wonder our Cabinet Ministers look so

tired, having to shop in their lunch hours! Isn't life not very grand for the likes of the bonny Mrs Bottomley?

Are you, like me, tired of grappling with sheets and blankets every night? Why has no one come up with an all-in-one alternative — something you just throw over the bed and, hey presto, you are nice and warm?

I even have a name for it: The Booker Prize. (Brilliant! B. Pad, Ed.)

● *Why do people laugh whenever knickers are mentioned? It seems to have the same effect as saying 'Peter McKay'. One only has to repeat the name for people to break into gales of uncontrollable merriment. McKay! McKay! McKay! You see, you are laughing already! Knickers to the lot of ye, say I!*

with the red face (again), Lord Gilmour (again) and Bernard Ingham.

10.30 What the Thatcher Says — Alan Rubbisher looks at the reviews of Mrs Thatcher's book.

11.00 Boswell and Thatcher — Mrs Thatcher goes on a tour of the Hebrides with her devoted friend Paul Johnson.

12.00 Late Show Special. Are there too many programmes about Thatcher on the telly? Mark Beardie chairs a discussion on whether there have been too many Thatcher programmes on the telly. His guests include Alan Clark, a dull woman from the *Times*, a rather silly professor, Martin Jacques, and another man who said very little.

12.30 Thatch of the Day. Highlights from today's Thatcher action at Shepherds Bush introduced by Desmond Lyneham with expert commentary by Lord Gilmour and a man with a red face.

Your TV Tonight

BBC-2

7.00 The Thatcher Years Part 74. Mrs Thatcher looks back to the flotation of British Gas with comment from Lord Young, Norman St John Stevas and John Nott.

8.00 Eastenders — Thatcher Special. Dirty Denis Thatcher and Maggie row over son Mark, who is emigrating to America.

9.00 The Post-Thatcher Years Part 22. Has Britain declined since Mrs Thatcher left office? Anthony Howard talks to Lord Jenkins, with contributions from Lord Parkinson, Lord Gilmour and a man with a red face who looks vaguely familiar.

9.30 The Thatcher Prize — Live from the Guild Hall, the award for Best Thatcher Book this year. With Sarah Dunant.

10.00 Question Time Thatcher Special. Tonight's guests are Lord Jenkins, the man

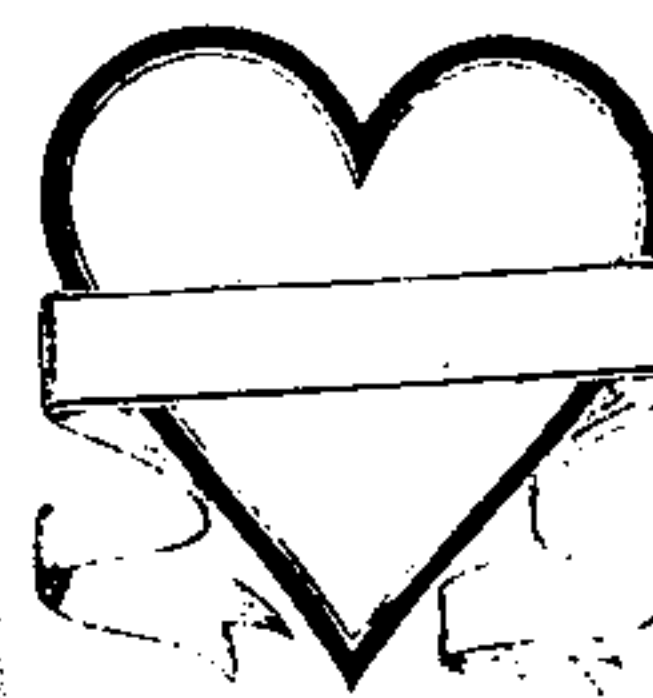
Additional nights before or after Christmas and New year are offered at the special rate of £70 per person per night in a tin or double room (£75 in a single room)

Wales Travel News

Wedding of the Century — How They Are Related



Food Minister
Nicholas Soames

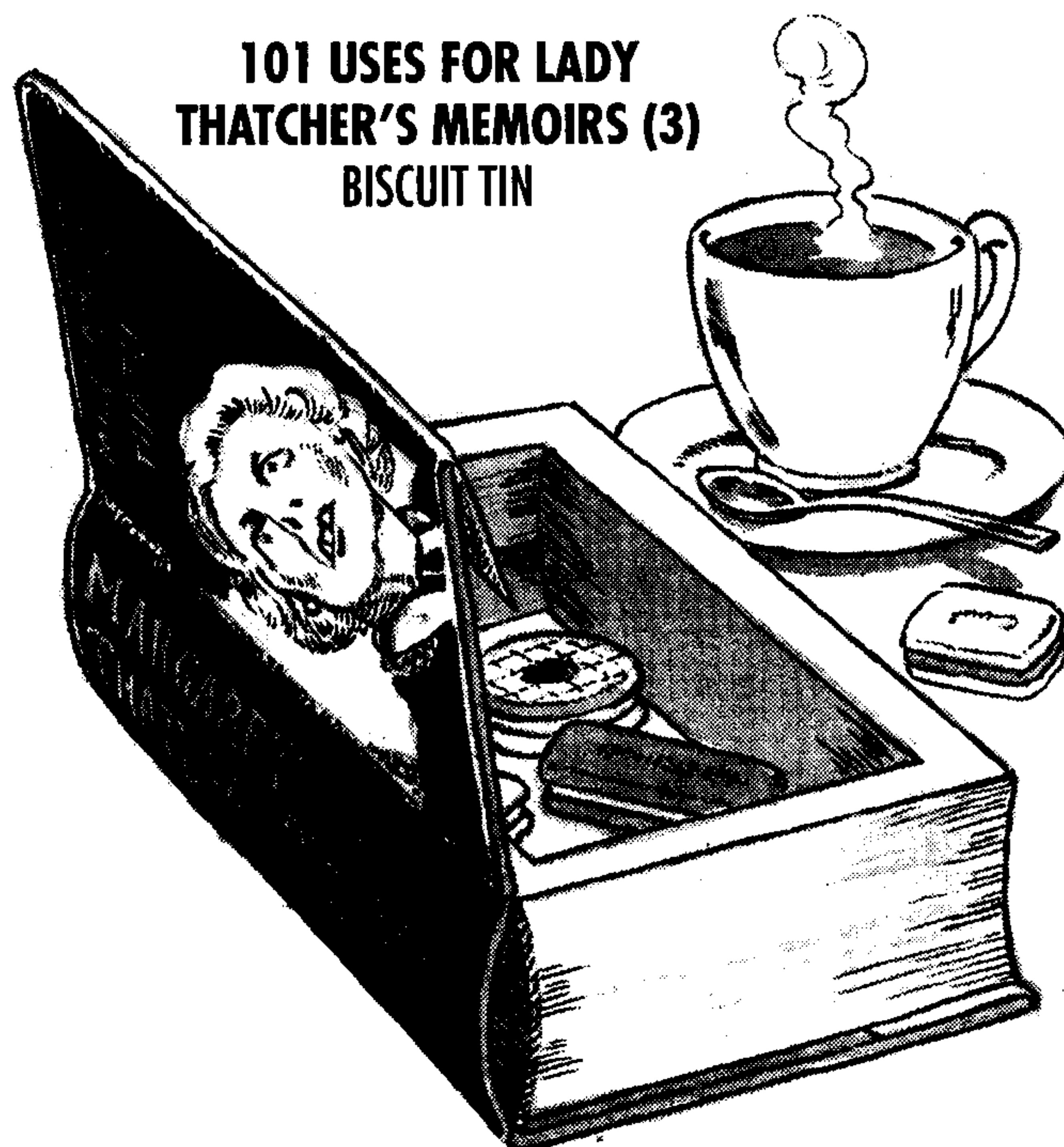


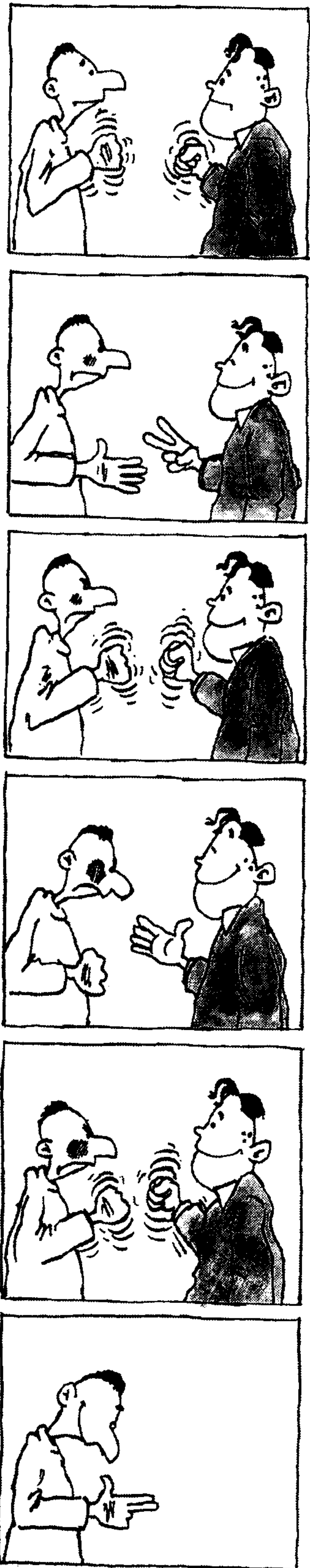
Serena Smith

Eddie The Large
|
Ethelred The Enormous
|
Henry The Seconds
|
Richard The Thirds
|
Sir Thomas More-Please
|
1st Lard of the Admiralty
|
The Marlboro Man
|
Sir Winston
Filter-Tips-Churchill
|
Sir Matrix Churchill
|
Soames from
The Forsyte Saga
|
Fatty Soames
|
Even Fattier Soames
|
Pavarotti

John Smith Ye Smith
|
W.H. Smith
Ye Newsreader
|
John Smith
Ye Crispmaker
|
Mel Smith Ye Telecom
Share Salesman
|
John Smith
Ye Leader of the Labour Party
|
John Smith's
Fruity Daughters
|
The Smiths
(featuring Morrissey)
|
Joan Smith
(as seen on TV)
|
Serena Scot
(not much seen on TV)
|
Selena Smith
|
Stan Smith
|
Serena Stanhope

101 USES FOR LADY THATCHER'S MEMOIRS (3) BISCUIT TIN



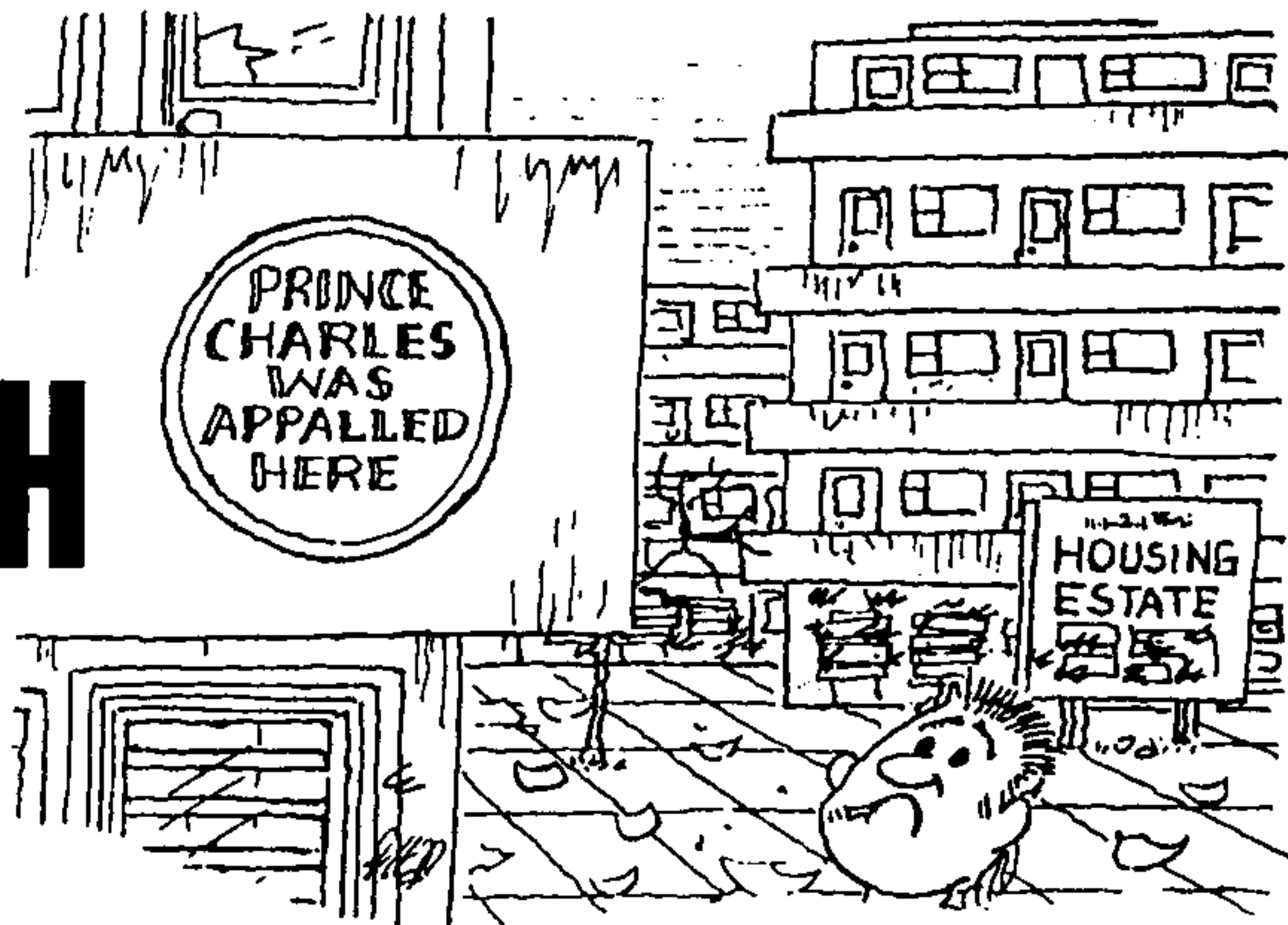


Those Canadian Election Results in full

Moosejaw (West): Jean-Marie Le Moose (*Quebec Pour Les Quebecois Parti*) 10; Mrs Margaret MacMoose (*Conservative*) 0. **Conservative loss.**

Moosejaw (North): Peter MacMoose (*Conservative*) 0; Jean-Moose Le Pen (*Tuez La Reine Parti*) 10. **No change.**

THAT PRINCE CHARLES SPEECH IN FULL



IN A shock speech delivered today to the Institute of Men in Suits (IMS), Prince Charles launched a savage attack on the appalling social conditions in this country

which had blighted so many lives.

He said: "I am thinking in particular of a young man who has to spend his early years in a huge tower, cut off from other children

and suffering from an excess of money. This young man would become increasingly frustrated, especially when he was unable to find a proper job.

"No wonder he would turn to criminally bad water colours, simply for the sake of a few kicks. I submit that such a man might well find it hard to conform to a society which had no use for him.

"And later would he not find marriage impossible, given the strains and stresses imposed on him by his environment?

"No wonder he gets divorced and seeks solace with a married woman.

"We are all guilty. And especially architects of the type who designed the appalling Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Buckingham Palace..."

Late News

Charles attacks Hitler

In a shock outburst last night, Prince Charles launched a savage attack on Adolf Hitler, describing him as "an evil dictator who had really behaved appallingly in a lot of ways". His remarks were approved by Mr Douglas Hurd.

EXCITING NEW FEATURE AS SEEN IN ALL NEWSPAPERS



PRIVATE EYE

This week's £25 winning letter

“I love the Leaders and the crossword, which I can do now in 25 minutes! I also enjoy the medical column by Dr Barkworth. The one on half-term flu was brilliant. More of the same, please,”

Mr Editor.

Mrs Entirelyfictitiousname
Madeupaddress
Soho

COMING SOON

A Michael Winner Production

Dirty Weekend

Over-18 certificate



Fun starts when leggy starlet Jenny Seagrove runs off for a dirty weekend with dashing West End impresario Bill Kenwright. Then

Michael picks up some blonde bird and goes off for a dirty weekend of his own. By pure coincidence, all this takes place the same weekend as Winner's terrible new film is released. No wonder Michael Loser goes mad and murders everyone with a chainsaw (*shurely shome mishtake?* Ed).

CAST IN FULL

Jenny Seagrove ... Antonia di Sancha
Michael Winner Lord Prior
Bill Kenwright Neville Southall
Blonde Bird Jenny Seagrove

IN THE AUCTION ROOM

Sotheby's

Lot 94

One Chairman. Previously property of Lady Thatcher. Greying aristocratic bespectacled figure with spotted bow tie and striped shirt from Savile Row. Suitable to place in chair of Government Quango – e.g. Arts Council. Slightly cracked, but otherwise well maintained. Estimates £150,000 - £200,000 a year.



GOING, GOING, GONE!

Literary Review

Rumpy-pumpy of the Bailey

About Time Too: 1940-1978

Penelope Mortimer

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson,
£16.99)

PENELOPE Mortimer was married to John Mortimer from 1949 to 1971. This is her memoir of those years, plus a bit more afore and aft. It's been seized on by the papers purely because it's supposed to contain some juicy bits about porky old Rumpole.

And sure enough, it does. When he first met her, she was still married to her first husband. But this did not deter the 24-year-old Mortimer from saying in a car one day: "What about a quick fuck and then home?" To judge from the rest of the book, Mr Mortimer has carried on saying much the same to any woman who will listen ever since. "His barrister's uniform smelled of sweat, semen and cologne," says Mrs Mortimer genially.

Her account of their marriage is chiefly an account of a sequence of infidelities. His "flirtations — infatuations, whatever they were" became "an almost constant part of my life", she says. It wasn't the sex she minded, so much as the "implausible excuses, furtive muttering on the 'phone, a flowering of Carnaby Street shirts and medallions".

When she became pregnant for the eighth time, he talked her into an abortion and sterilisation on the basis, she says, that it was essential for their happy future together. Later, she discovered he was carrying on another affair at the time. "There were bitter quarrels, savage recriminations. His invective was more brutal than he intended — why didn't I just get out, go, I was useless to everyone, I was hideous, why didn't I die?"

Not quite an ideal husband, then, old Rumpy. They finally divorced when the woman who became his second wife discovered that she in turn was pregnant. After the divorce, they continued to wrangle about money. "His attitude was simple: 'Why should I support you when you're not there to cook my dinner?'" she remarks sweetly. He had, she derisively notes, become "obsessed by food", a passion she disdains. One of her dearest, most wounding

strokes is carefully to describe the young Mortimer as "thin" and even "skinny" (honest).

However, if this book is intended as a settling of accounts, it fails. Far from winning the reader over to her side, Penelope Mortimer proves an intolerably annoying narrator herself.

The manner is deadpan. Things just keep happening to her. She doesn't know why, she can't even remember what happened or who was there. It's not her fault.

"Let what happens seem fortuitous, change inexplicable — that's how it is when you're living it", she proclaims. And indeed, it appears that she really has lived her life as a succession of meaningless

tethers." What happened when she told her first husband she was pregnant by another man? "I have an impression of weeping, and don't think that it was mine" is her complete recollection. The friends she and Fatso had during the first years of their marriage? "I try to recall those friends, but few of them have names, let alone faces." Her greatest literary success with *The Pumpkin Eater*? "Lacking any urge to join in or get together or be organized I didn't understand what it was for, and I still don't."

She's particularly forgetful about her own promiscuities. At one point, she brilliantly remarks: "I think Jeffrey and I must have been to bed together by then, but the event or events were so unmemorable that I can't be sure." Later she starts dealing with them in batches. "I had a number of brief, unmemorable affairs," she tells us. Well, thanks.

Her attempts to offer some little analysis of this life are singularly crappy. "I lived most of my life as if I were triplets," she offers in a "Prologue" — a neat trick in its way, always somebody else to blame! Why did she make "great efforts to be sexually attractive and none

absolute power, exclusive attention. Who was I, if I wasn't unique?" It's the one moment when her guard is down — and it's still, albeit in fractured form, the assumption behind this book.

A horrible man called Auberon Waugh, Mortimer records, said of one of her books: "Psychiatrists expect to be paid twelve guineas an hour for pretending to listen to this sort of ego-maniac drivel." It'd be a lot more than that now. Best forget it?



BOOKS &
BOOKMEN

□ **SO PARANOID** had "live on television" Lord Gowrie become as a result of the calumny poured on him by the press subsequent to the announcement of the Booker Prize shortlist that, with his fellow four judges dividing equally between Carol Shields' *The Stone Diaries* and Roddy Doyle's *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*, Gowrie's casting vote went against his own favourite novel on the shortlist.

■ **IT IS NOT** for nothing that Tim Hely-Hutchinson, who served as md of Macdonald when that demoralised publishing house was owned by Cap'n Bob, regards the late Bouncing Fake as his ideal tycoon.

What everyone at Hodder & Stoughton wants to know, though, is why megalomaniac Tim is fighting what, within a twelvemonth, is likely to prove a fatal war against the respected ancient publishing house which six months ago he acquired. Does he not understand that owning Hodders he doesn't have to kill it?

Already Grim Hely-Hatchetman has been responsible for the involuntary departure of 80 individuals; 130 are likely to fade away next year when distribution is moved from Sevenoaks to Abingdon, Dunton Green having become Dunstan Wood.

As predicted by Bookworm (EYE 830), Michael Attenborough recently packed his bags, joining Patrick Wright and Tom Biggs-Davison, all main board directors of newly established Hodder Headline plc, each but six weeks into his contract with the new company.

Their departure has cost the company and its shareholders more than £500,000 in compensation. So sick at heart is Philip Attenborough, previously Hodder chairman and major shareholder, that, in spite of currently being non-executive deputy chairman of Hodder Headline, he'll soon be joining younger brother Michael on the golf course.

Brilliant children's production director, Graham Cooke, who had been with Hodder man and boy for a mere 30 years and is one of the most respected by his peers in the land, has been let go.

Roger Palmer, doyen of contracts' directors and, like Cooke, a man of integrity and loyalty to the traditions of Hodder, has reluctantly decided that he can stomach the new brutalist regime no longer. Even two mild directors of the Edward Arnold education subsidiary, Nick Dunton and David Mackin, are fleeing before they are knifed.

'Bookworm'

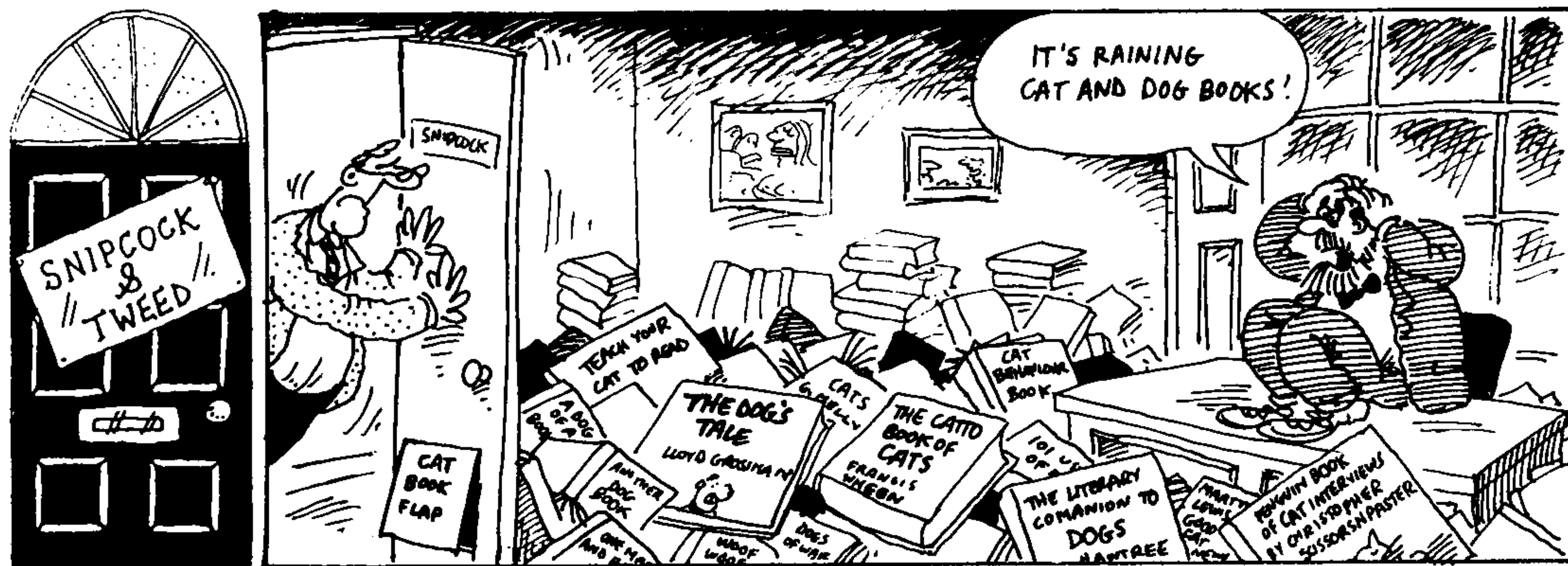


affairs, unplanned pregnancies and haphazard moves. But as a style for looking back, it's arch, disingenuous and inadequate. Every time she says she can't remember something or doesn't know why she did it, the reader simply thinks: then why on earth am I paying you to say so?

Never has an autobiographer offered so many disclaimers. The war? "I remember nothing about it except the serene barrage balloons and the fine network of their

whatever to be lovable?" "Like many other paradoxes in my life, I find this perplexing," she says blankly. Oh come on.

It's because you become so irritated, just as a reader, by her systematic refusal to take responsibility for her actions that sympathy stirs even for her ex. It's merely a disguise for extreme egotism, after all. When Mortimer first told her about his adulteries, she says: "All my life I had been used to



footnotes

ANOTHER WHITEWALSH

OF ALL THE cases of wrongful conviction piling up in the C3 department of the home office, none is more embarrassing for the judicial authorities than that of Alf Fox.

Fox, a miner at Frickley pit, was convicted in 1981 of killing his wife and mother-in-law. Evidence now before Michael Howard, the home secretary, strongly suggests that Fox is innocent.

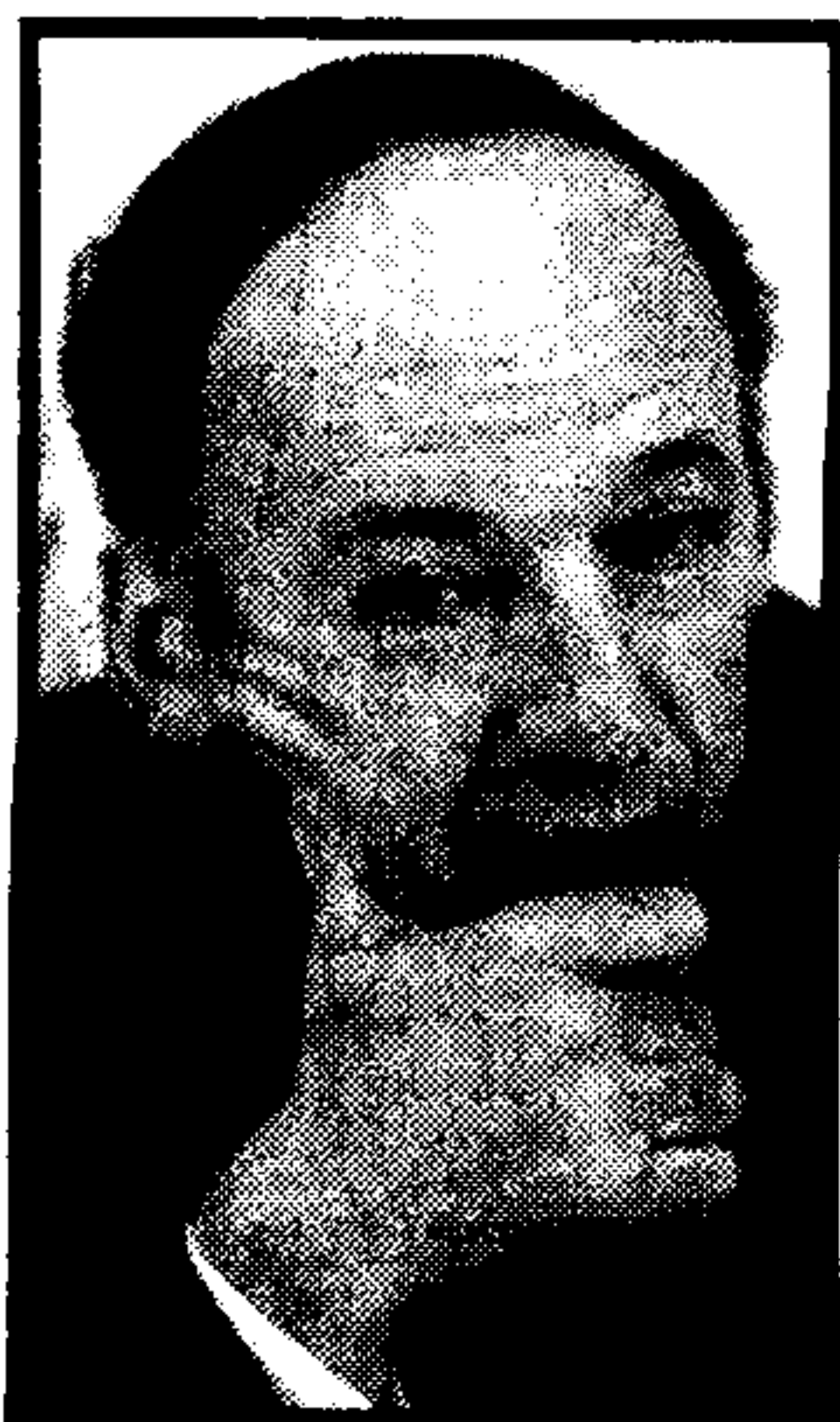
The evidence is not new. The prosecution had it at the time of the trial but did not disclose it to the defence.

The man who led the prosecution of Fox — Mr Brian Walsh QC — was the junior barrister in the prosecution of Judith Ward in 1974. He failed to disclose crucial evidence in that case, at the end of which Ward was jailed for 18 years for bombings she did not do.

The cover-up of evidence in the Ward case shocked even the court of appeal. In its 1992 judgment, the appeal court's three judges, led by Lord Justice Glidewell, roundly denounced the prosecution in general and Walsh in particular for not passing on the clearest possible evidence that Ward's confessions were nonsense and that she almost certainly had alibis on the nights of the crimes for which she was accused.

Mr Walsh was not called to give evidence to the court of appeal. Indeed, he has escaped all public responsibility for his conduct of the Ward case. He was elevated to QC in 1977, three years after the case, and has been a recorder of the crown court for 21 years. For the last three years he has been leader of the barristers' north-eastern circuit. He is a former chairman of Yorkshire county cricket club.

Alf Fox was living apart from his wife Jacqueline when she was killed, but the couple had been discussing a reconciliation since the birth of their baby boy. On the night of the killings, Mrs Fox travelled by bus to Doncaster from her home in South Elmsall. She met Alf there, and they went for a drink and talked for a few hours. At 9.30 she got a bus back to South Elmsall and went home. Just after 11pm fire engines raced to her house. Firemen found her strangled. Her mother, bound and gagged, had been suffocated to death by smoke from a fire which had been deliberately started.



Brian Walsh Q.C.

The prosecution case was that Alf Fox had seen his wife off in Doncaster, leapt into his car, raced the bus back to South Elmsall, strangled his wife, killed his mother-in-law because she was a witness, and raced back to Armthorpe, a village near Doncaster, to be in his sister's house, arriving there just before 11pm.

West Yorkshire police, driving their

own marked car at a furious pace, managed the 15-mile journey in 15 minutes. They concluded that the fire started at 10.45 (not a minute later) and that Fox had raced his old Granada back to Doncaster in time for 11.



Alf Fox at the pond he built at Maidstone jail

There was no forensic or identification evidence linking Alf with the crime. Nor was there any confession, either. Despite the usual "intensive" interrogation in handcuffs and without a lawyer present, Alf Fox vigorously denied the killings. So the timings of his alleged journey from South Emshall to Armthorpe were crucial.

Was he really able to get back to his sister's by 11 o'clock? Only if the fire started at 10.45 at the very latest. If the fire started even a few minutes after that, Alf Fox could not have committed the murder.

Long before the trial, police had taken statements from two highly respectable witnesses who strongly suggested the fire started later than 10.45. Gordon Palmer, of Badsworth, Yorks, had taken two elderly women to a religious meeting and home again. One of the women, Mrs Merricks, lived in the same street, five doors down from Mrs Fox. Both Mr Palmer and Mrs Merricks were able to be specific about times: they reckoned it was 10.50 when they got to Mrs Merricks' house. Mr Palmer's drive from there took him straight past the house which was meant by that time to be on fire. But there was no smoke, no fire, no shouts, nothing unusual.

The clear inference from the evidence of Mr Palmer and Mrs Merricks was that the fire must have been started later than 10.45. This has since been supported by yet more new evidence: from a fire expert who pointed out that when firemen arrived at 11.04pm, "flashover" (when the furniture explodes) had not occurred. He concludes the fire could not have started more than a few minutes before 11pm.

Taken together with the statements of Mr Palmer and Mrs Merricks, this forensic evidence clearly pushes the time of the fire well beyond the time it could have been started by Alf Fox.

The Palmer and Merricks statements were vital evidence — but they were not made available to the defence. The jury never knew that there were other witnesses outside the murder house at such a crucial time.

In July this year David Rose of the *Observer* revealed yet another failure to disclose key evidence. The main prosecution witness was a Mrs Myrtle Westhead, who said she had seen a brown Granada speeding away from the murder scene some time after 10.45. Since Fox drove a brown Granada, this was devastating evidence against him.

But when she was first interviewed, Mrs Westhead did not say the car was a Ford Granada. And she said it was an estate car or a hatchback — "it definitely wasn't a saloon car". Six weeks after the killings, PC Womersley of West Yorkshire police interviewed Mrs Westhead again. His report was: "She cannot offer any positive make."

When the case came to court, Mrs Westhead said she had made her statement about the Ford Granada on 30 October, just 15 days after the murder (and 25 days before she told Womersley she could give "no positive make" of the car). PC Womersley's report was not made available to the defence. If it had been, Alf Fox's barrister, now Judge Appleby, could have argued that the Westhead evidence was worthless and that her statement of 30 October must have been fabricated.

This vital evidence has been rotting in Pontefract police station since it was collected 13 years ago. All that time, Alf Fox has also been rotting — in prison for something he almost certainly did not do.

The documents were only shown to his solicitor, Michael McColgan (who has worked for months for nothing because there is no legal aid for wrongly-convicted prisoners), after the scandal of undisclosed evidence in the Judith Ward case was exposed at the court of appeal. In panic, West Yorks police suddenly remembered they had documents which until that time they had claimed did not exist.

The dilemma for home secretary Howard is this. If he doesn't send the Fox case back to the court of appeal, he joins the conspiracy to keep vital evidence out of the courts and innocent people in prison. If he does, his fellow QC Brian Walsh, the West Yorks police and the whole system of criminal prosecution will once again be under the cosh.

A bridge too dear

■ WHILE the government doles out enormous sums for a high-toll bridge over the sea to Skye (which nobody wants — see last *Eye*), it has nothing to contribute to a railway bridge which everybody wants.

Along with many in the Scottish Highlands, the Railway Development Society has been lobbying for government funds to build a railway bridge over Dornoch Firth. But Highlands and Islands Enterprise, a quango which spends £78 million a year "to enable the people of the area to achieve their full potential" (ie: to fill the pockets of government business supporters) will not contribute a penny.

■ FACT: The chairman of Highlands and Islands Enterprise, Mr Fraser Morrison, who is also chairman of the big Edinburgh construction firm Morrisons, wrote in 1991: "I have always been keen to see a rail bridge at Dornoch not only for the possibility of the opportunity to build it but because of its importance to the economic development of the north of Scotland area."

The Battle of Hastie

AN OLD GHOST, familiar to *Eye* readers, has been haunting the Scott inquiry into Iraqgate. He is David Hastie — named by the *Eye* in April 1992 as a key figure in the sale of arms to Saddam Hussein in defiance of a government embargo.

Hastie personifies the extremely close relationship between government and industry in the multi-billion pound British arms export market. In the early 1980s, when Hastie was a lowly marketing manager for Britain's biggest arms firm, British Aerospace, his prowess at flogging arms to dictators came to the attention of BAe's group marketing director, Colin Chandler. What Chandler admired most was Hastie's sensitive nose for a lucrative arms market — even if the market is banned by the government.

During the Iraq-Iran war (1980-1988), the British arms embargo stopped official arms exports, but Hastie kept what he later called "discreet contacts in Baghdad". He was quoted as saying: "We did our best to keep the bed warm." (See *The Death Lobby* by Kenneth Timmerman p.339).

While Hastie climbed up the BAe ladder, Chandler went on to greater things. He became chief of the defence export services organisation (DESO), a ministry of defence department which promoted arms sales abroad. While head of DESO, Chandler supervised at least two arms exporting miracles.

The first was the £20 billion Al Yamamah deal, signed by Margaret Thatcher with the dictators of Saudi Arabia, whose grotesque commissions for sheikhs, their families and British middlemen were set out in a suppressed national audit office report. The second deal was also signed by Margaret Thatcher: to provide British government aid to Malaysia in exchange for arms contracts for private companies. This deal was so illegal, so wasteful of public money and so contradictory of official advice that even the national audit office has been unable to cover it up.

Colin Chandler was knighted, and as Sir Colin he was keen to repeat his triumphs. In the Gulf, a new arms market was opening up. In the autumn of 1988, as the Malaysian deal was



signed, the Iran-Iraq war came to an end. The west had thrown its support behind the Iraqi dictator Saddam, who was known to have further military ambitions. There seemed no limit to potential arms sales in Baghdad, and David Hastie was just the man to clinch them.

That same year, 1988, he was "seconded" from British Aerospace to be "business development adviser" to his old BAe boss, Sir Colin, at DESO. The two men worked hard to make the Iraqi bed even warmer. Their joint ambition was that British Aerospace should sell Saddam £5 billion worth of Hawk trainer jets and the factories to build them in. For this purpose, Chandler despatched his protégé to Baghdad. Officially Hastie (and Chandler) were working for DESO, the British government. But both were loyal BAe men, and BAe still paid Hastie's salary.

In April 1989, however, all this careful preparatory work was threatened. Hastie's period of "secondment" to DESO drew to an end. The MoD overcame this difficulty by lying. The civil service commissioners were told that Hastie's secondment had to be continued because of work he was doing on the European fighter aircraft and on a project for small companies. This was all nonsense. Hastie worked on neither. As soon as his secondment was extended for six more months, he was hard at work trying to flog Hawks to Saddam.

The key event in his diary was the Baghdad arms fair, which opened on 29 April 1989, five days after Hastie's secondment was extended. Excitedly, Hastie prepared to fly once again to Baghdad. But whoops! Somebody had forgotten about the foreign office directive the previous month that no one from DESO should go to the arms fair. So how could Hastie go?

A brilliant compromise was cooked up by Sir Colin and Sir Michael Quinlan, the top civil servant at the MoD. While Hastie was not at the arms fair, he was working for DESO. When he

was at the arms fair he was working for British Aerospace! So he represented the British government at all times except the few hours he spent at the arms fair when he was miraculously transformed into an ordinary businessman.

This fiction enabled a junior defence minister to tell the House of Commons in February 1991 that no DESO staff had attended the Baghdad arms fair. The minister who did so was the celebrated master of truth economy, Alan Clark.

The whole farrago of deceit, however, came to nothing. In September 1989 prime minister Thatcher vetoed the Hawk deal. She personally loved selling fighter planes to dictators, but she could not resist the pressure on her to observe her own government's rules.

Chandler and Hastie left the MoD and retired to Vickers, where Sir Colin is now chief executive and Hastie is enthusiastically flogging tanks to the Saudis.

But the dream to sell BAe Hawks to Saddam did not die. All through the early half of 1990, the hawkish defence procurement minister Alan Clark fought for the deal. On 19 July 1990, a cabinet committee meeting chaired by foreign secretary Douglas Hurd met to discuss the embargo. At the trial of Matrix Churchill businessmen two years later, Alan Clark was asked: "Can you recall what led to this top-level meeting about defence-related exports?"

Clark replied: "Yes. Well, the principal factor at that time agitating me and parts of DESO was the potential sale of Hawk trainers which was a very, very large order, very important for British Aerospace."

No doubt the embargo would in due course have been softened up to allow such a very, very important order to go through. But there wasn't time. Exactly two weeks later, Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait.



Chairman Sir Colin

Home untruths

■ ARE A group of racist forgers at work in the home office? Information available only to home office civil servants has been used on a forged letter to an Iranian who recently applied to the home office for asylum in Britain.

The letter was addressed to the man by his full name, which was spelt exactly right, and addressed to him at his room number in a London hostel. The letter is headed "Immigration Nationality Department, Lunar House, 42 Wellesley Road, Croydon". Dated 7 October, it says: "According to your recent inquiry about your application for seeking asylum in the UK, I am pleased to inform you that your application has been under consideration and been accepted..."

"Under regulation, you are not entitled to receive benefit any longer, do not cash any more pages from your order book and take all of your documents to your local benefit agency as soon as possible."

The letter, signed by J.H. Adams, immigration adviser, tells the Iranian to report to the immigration department on Monday 25 October.

The Iranian, at once pleased and worried, took the letter to the hostel director who immediately realised it was a forgery. The director told me: "This is a cruel hoax. No one from the hostel could have got the correct spelling of this man's name and his room number and the fact that he was applying for refugee status. This informa-

tion could only have come from the home office."

A home office spokesman told the *Eye*: "Quite frequently, but reasonably regularly, we get the odd forged letter come round. I think the last one we had required people from an ethnic background to report to the passport office. I think they were concentrating on Warwick university. A load of black people were sent letters purporting to be from the immigration department saying they must report to the passport agency and some of them naturally did."

"Obviously if we know about it, we distance ourselves from it. We couldn't rule it out that there is a bad apple within one of our divisions. The general feeling is, we work on somebody's number and we don't really look at it as a name. So it's extremely unlikely that there would be anyone in our areas as a matter of course that would be

able to give out that kind of information; but now obviously if someone went looking for it, that would be a different matter. It wouldn't be too difficult to find a file on a desk and take an address on it."

The spokesman had not seen the latest forged letter, so I sent him a copy.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"MY CHILDREN think nothing of driving long distances to go to the opera, visit a National Trust property or see friends, and they want to do it reasonably quickly. That is quality of life these days. That is what they want and that is what we have got to provide."

John MacGregor, secretary of state for transport, quoted in the Daily Telegraph, October 25.



In the City

IT APPEARS that the tale bankrupt stockbroker Jonathan Bekhor has to tell regarding trade secretary Michael Heseltine may not, after all, concern fellow bankrupt Asil Nadir. Instead it seems to involve another well known and much more respectable stockbroker: Robin Stormonth-Darling, late of Laing & Cruickshank where he was a partner throughout the seventies and eighties.

In his discussions with tax investigator Michael Allcock during the latter's all-expenses paid trip to California, Bekhor passed on certain allegations regarding a suggested connection between Heseltine and Stormonth-Darling.

Bekhor's uncorroborated allegations intrigued Allcock sufficiently for him to take them up with Stock Exchange investigators who, it seems, were not entirely unaware of Robin and a number of like-minded merry men as prominent stock market figures. Needless to say they were quick to assure Allcock that there was no evidence of any inappropriate or improper share dealing activities.

Not surprisingly, therefore, Allcock's preliminary probes into Heseltine's affairs were rebuffed by those who have responsibility for the tax affairs of our leaders.

The lack of substance in Bekhor's allegations will no doubt be confirmed by the several hacks who are beating a path to his Beverly Hills door in a bid to have the bankrupt retell his tale and explain where, if at all, Heseltine fits in.

NOT SINCE the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939 has a peace agreement created such amazement as the Rowland-Fayed pact in the Harrods food hall. But no one should be taken in by the false smiles, handshakes or words of reconciliation and future togetherness staged for the cameras and incredulous hacks. They were no more genuine than the similar sentiments uttered to celebrate the equally incredible treaty between those inevitable enemies, nazism and communism.

The Harrods pact is a cynical exercise in business *realpolitik* by "Tiny" Rowland, who has accepted a humiliating defeat by the despised Mohamed Fayed in order to serve a greater purpose — the attempt to win his more immediate battle with his former new best friend, Dieter Bock, for control of Lonrho.

Just as Hitler knew he could not fight on two fronts and needed to keep Stalin sweet while carving up Poland before turning his attention to Russia, so Rowland needed to eliminate the Fayed front in order to concentrate on attacking Bock.

The legal action over the phoney pharaoh's takeover of House of Fraser in 1985 was due in court early next year. Lonrho had already spent approaching

£50 million on the search for the Harrods grail but with no guarantee of success. Before the game was over the bill could have been many millions more — and loser pays all.

Just as Mohamed Fayed would not have been eagerly anticipating cross-examination on his life and times (especially claims to have emerged from Egypt's elite) nor was Rowland expected to relish a grilling about events from the Hitler Youth onwards. And as the plaintiff he was on first.

With boardroom power swinging Bock's way following the election of his non-executive nominees Peter Harper and Stephen Walls, and the desertion to the Bock camp of several executive directors, Rowland faced the possibility of Bock deciding unilaterally to settle the Fayed action. The tax lawyer turned property developer had made it clear from the start that he had no part and saw no profit in the vendetta against Fayed. Eating a giant serving of Fayed-baked humble pie in the Harrods food hall prevented a Bock-dictated peace and gave Rowland the kudos for turning off the legal tap.

But the astronomic price, a deal available at any time at a fraction of the cost, is one Lonrho shareholders are hardly likely to see as a victory. After years of legal expense sprinkled with annual reaffirmations of the rightness of Lonrho's cause, the justification for creating millionaire lawyers and the certainty of success they woke up to pictures celebrating a peace in our time which has left Lonrho with nothing but nine wasted years plus a £50 million bill and Fayed with everything Rowland wanted.

So what has Rowland gained from his public climbdown? He has denied Bock, his new best enemy, the "triumph" of settling the litigation, probably on similar terms, and thereby avoided an even greater humiliation. But perhaps more significantly he has cleared the way either for the sale of his remaining share stake, to Bock (who has the option) or to a third party, or to open the door to that third party emerging as an ally by purchasing a large share stake to counter Bock or even to make a full bid taking out Bock and leaving Rowland in charge.

What is certain is that Rowland would not have gone through with the food hall charade without a very powerful sweetener to follow the bitter pill he was being force fed. Anyone who has had the dubious pleasure of listening to either Rowland or Fayed discuss each other knows that the hatred was both real and personal, not business. Both lived for the feud. Rowland had his vituperative "Hero from Zero" circulars. Fayed his shark and his Rowland inscribed toilet seat — "Every day I shit on Tiny Rowland", he would remark cheerfully. Neither man is high on forgiveness, so suggestions of future business deals were just part of the doubletalk.

Rowland has already launched his battle with Bock for Lonrho. The initial skirmishing followed within days of the supposed peace produced by the boardroom compromise of having Rowland also

nominate two new non-executive directors. By the next weekend there were anti-Bock blasts in the *Sunday Times* and the *Financial Times*, and an anti-Bock leak to the *Independent on Sunday*. Rowland's trademark salvoes heralding a forthcoming offensive. If Rowland prevails then Fayed would do well to remember what happened to Stalin in 1941.

VETERAN Nadir-watchers have been amused to note the reappearance of one of the chief Polly Peck boosters, stockbroker Bob Cathery at Strauss, Turnbull. Cathery lead the charge at L. Messel which resulted in many clients being left holding the bag when Polly Peck imploded into a £1 billion black hole three years ago. Despite this success story Cathery is not lacking in friends. One of those who has a high regard for his services is leading fund manager Stephen Zimmerman of Mercury Asset Management. Thanks to Zimmerman's patronage and MAM's business, Cathery is riding high once again.

WELL, WELL, WELL. "Changi Jim" Slater finally got round to tipping cable TV corner Flextech in his not so *Independent* column (14 October). *Eye* readers will find this no surprise as three months ago (*Eye* 824), well outside the *Independent's* six-week dealing exclusion zone imposed on its tainted tipster, we reported Jim was once again in.

At that time Flextech were 108p having risen already this year from 71p. Lucky *Independent* readers were encouraged to climb aboard at 154p. The convicted company law breaker disclosed that Flextech was "one of my favourite investments of the last two years". Quite so. He told *Mail on Sunday* readers about his affection in November 1991 when the price was 140p ahead of a 120p a share cash dividend.

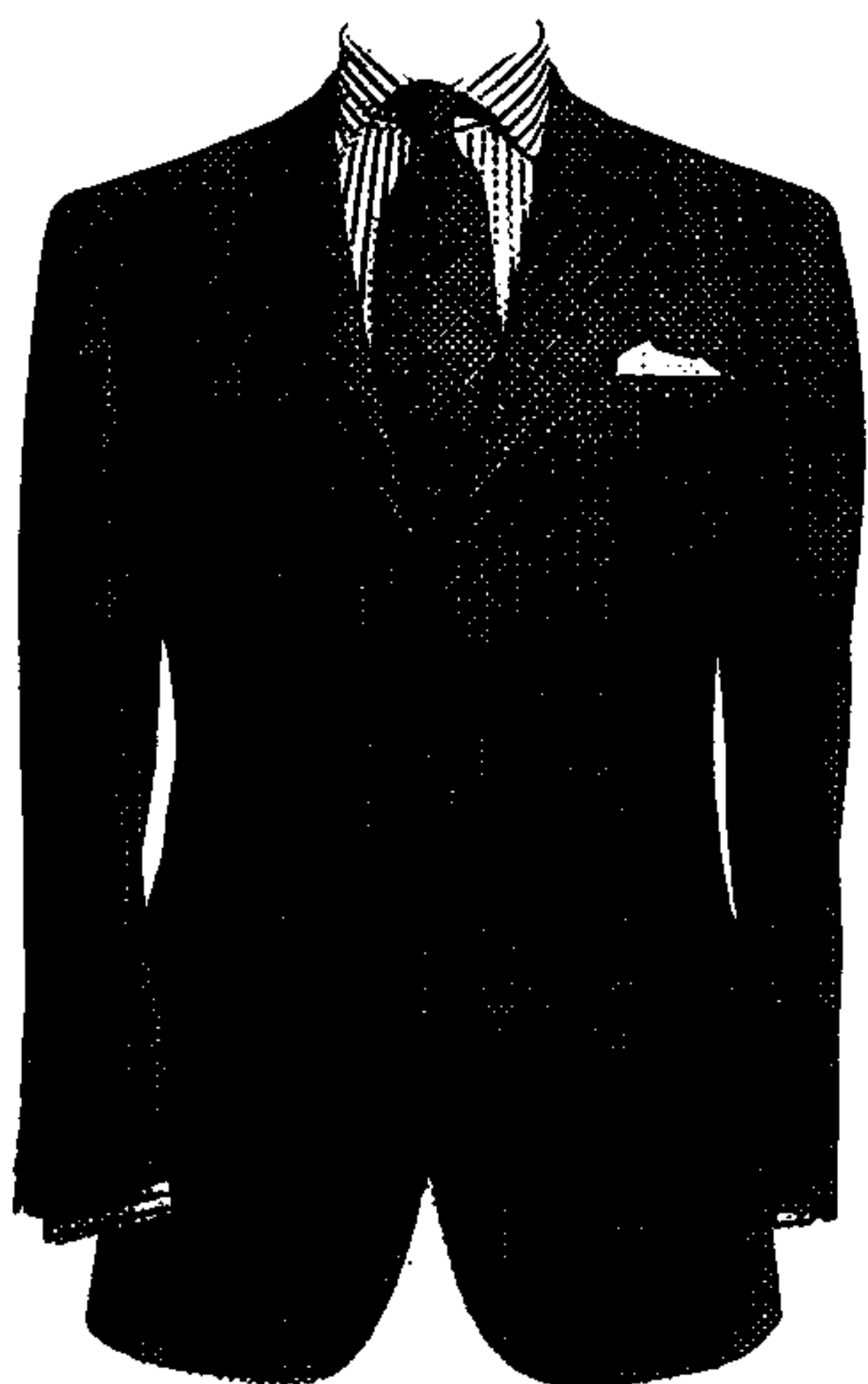
Since Slater wrote, Flextech have soared to 254p, not on his tip but news 11 days later that the company had merged its TV interests with those in Britain of the American media conglomerate TCI. Just why Slater waited so long to tip Flextech can only be a matter for speculation.

But then the tainted tipster needs a big winner after the fiasco of supposed computer software highflyer Micro Focus. Tipped by Slater on 1 July at £20.73, the shares had fallen to £15.35 before Slater advised a sale (21 October). A loss of 26 percent in just over three months for the guru's followers. But then Slater could have been out at any time from mid-August when the shares were still just under £20.

Independent editor Andreas Whittam Smith and business editor and currency expert Christopher Huhne ha ha ha.

'Slicker'

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EC agriculture ministers are

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The RSPCA want to see an eight hour limit on the transportation of live animals for slaughter enforced immediately across the European Community.

Britain's representative at the negotiations is Gillian Shephard and there's still time to let her know your views on the crucial issue of maximum journey time.

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Quote of the week:

"Football hooligans could be cured by being made to wear proper hats. Good behaviour has all but disappeared since men stopped wearing them."

Letter in Daily Mail



Eye Say

TO HELEN and Paul Bateman, 23rd Oct '93 — a daughter, Emily — a beautiful sister for Thomas. Congratulations from Andrew.

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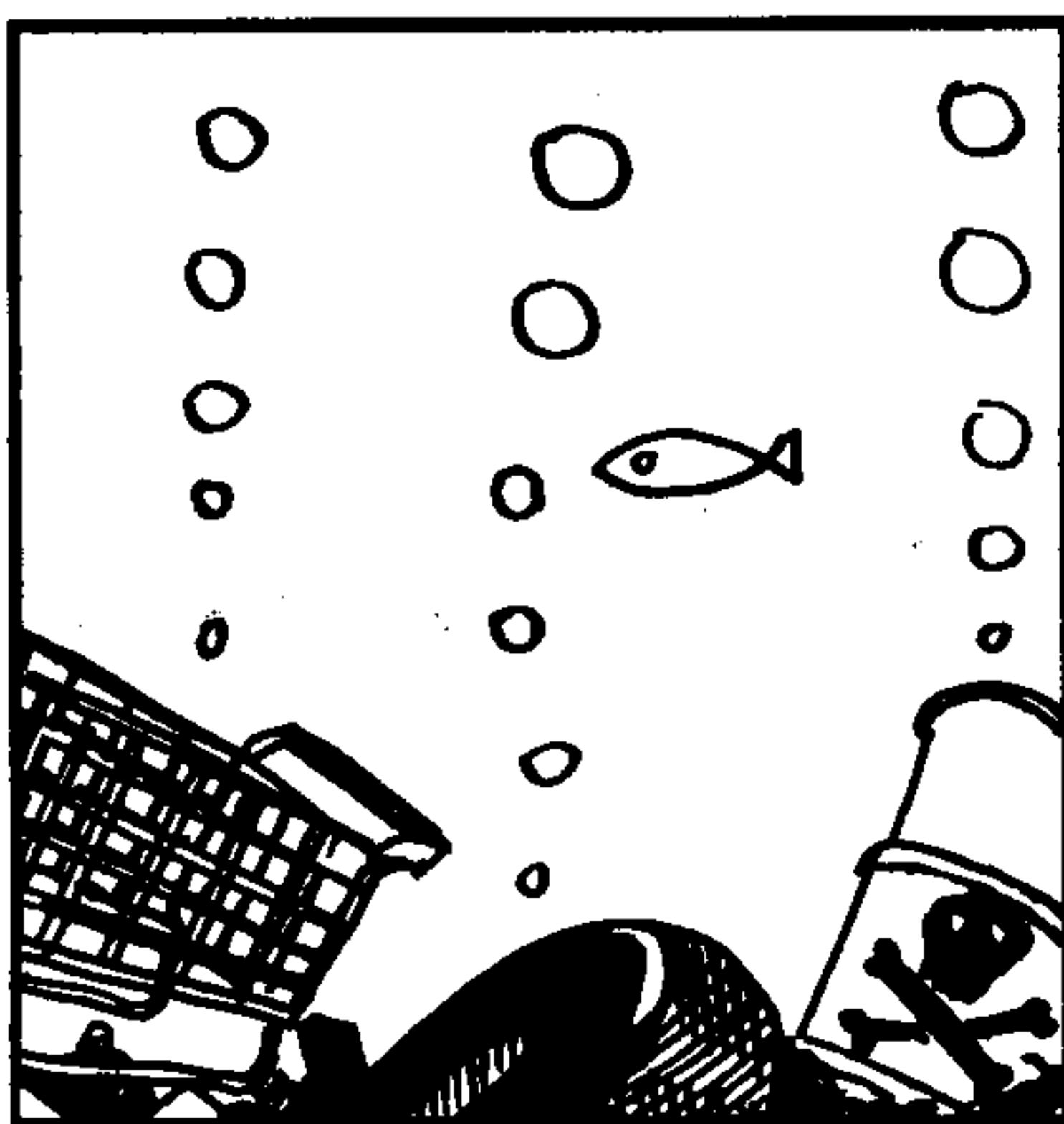


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MUCH LOVED and currently underfunded organic horticulture and craft project providing work for people with learning difficulties needs £12,000 to survive winter and become established as viable business. Box 1132.

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CARING SURROGATE father urgently needs £40,000 to continue good work and pay off crippling debts. All donations gratefully received and acknowledged. Box 1332.

UNWANTED AIR MILES desperately needed for good cause. Box 1432.

MATURE POSTGRAD, pregnant wife. Surveyor negligent. £31.30 pays for this advert, £2,500 repairs home or fights case. Box 1532.

I NEED BACKING for bold new hard rock musical. Project scheduled for pre-Christmas showcase in London. All contributions welcome. Details on request. Box 1632.

£2,900 NEEDED urgently to pay corrupt lawyers in Italy and keep teaching job. Full details (0039) 45/576061.

MY WONDERFUL mother still standing (just) despite divorce, ill-health, poverty. Donations (airmiles?) please for special Christmas. Box 1732.

SOUL-CONTROL, school band (charity — leukaemia) needs backing/donations. Details available. Box 1832.

"THE COMPANY of Friends" needs financial aid to be recorded. Donations receive free demo copy of the work. Box 0932.

LOVESTRUCK COUPLE seek contributions for forthcoming wedding (big family!). True romantics everywhere please help. Box 1932.

ONE WOMAN polo business urgently needs £4,000. Any donations greatly appreciated. Please! Box 7332.

SINGER WITH OWN record label urgently needs finance to manufacture product. Box 7432.

GULLIBLE FEMALE needs £5,000 loan to repay debts left by male bastard. Box 0532.

CREATIVE THINKER needs cash. Box 0632.

STUDENT/SINGLE mother needs loans, donations anything considered. Box 0732.



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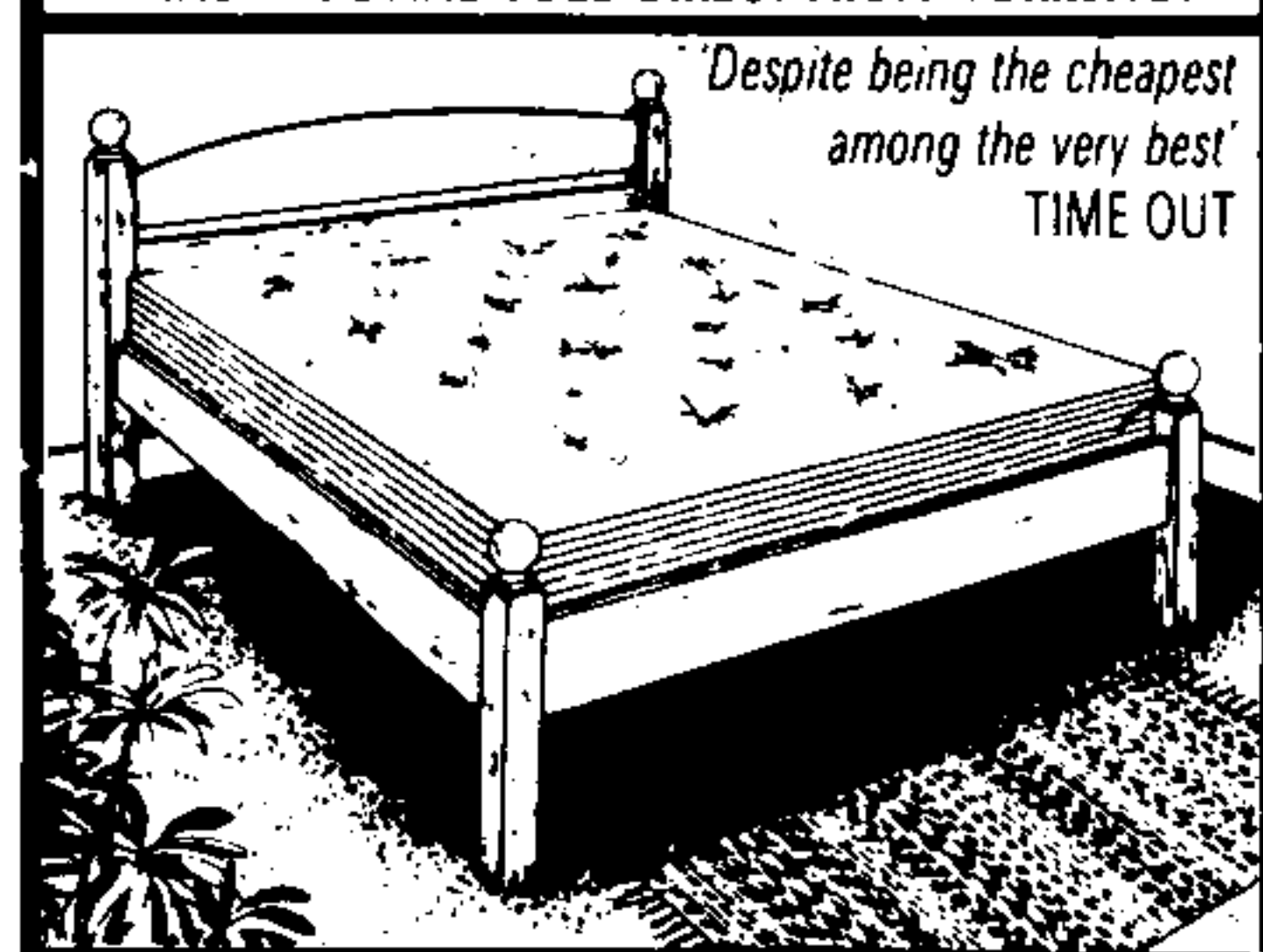
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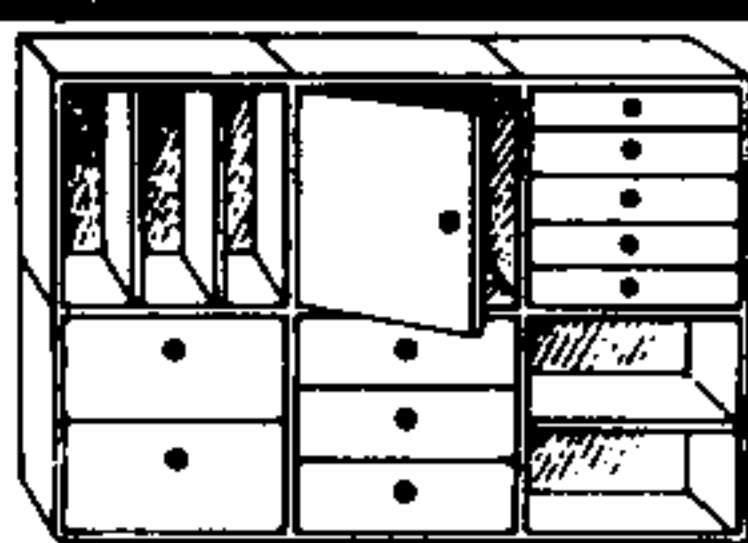
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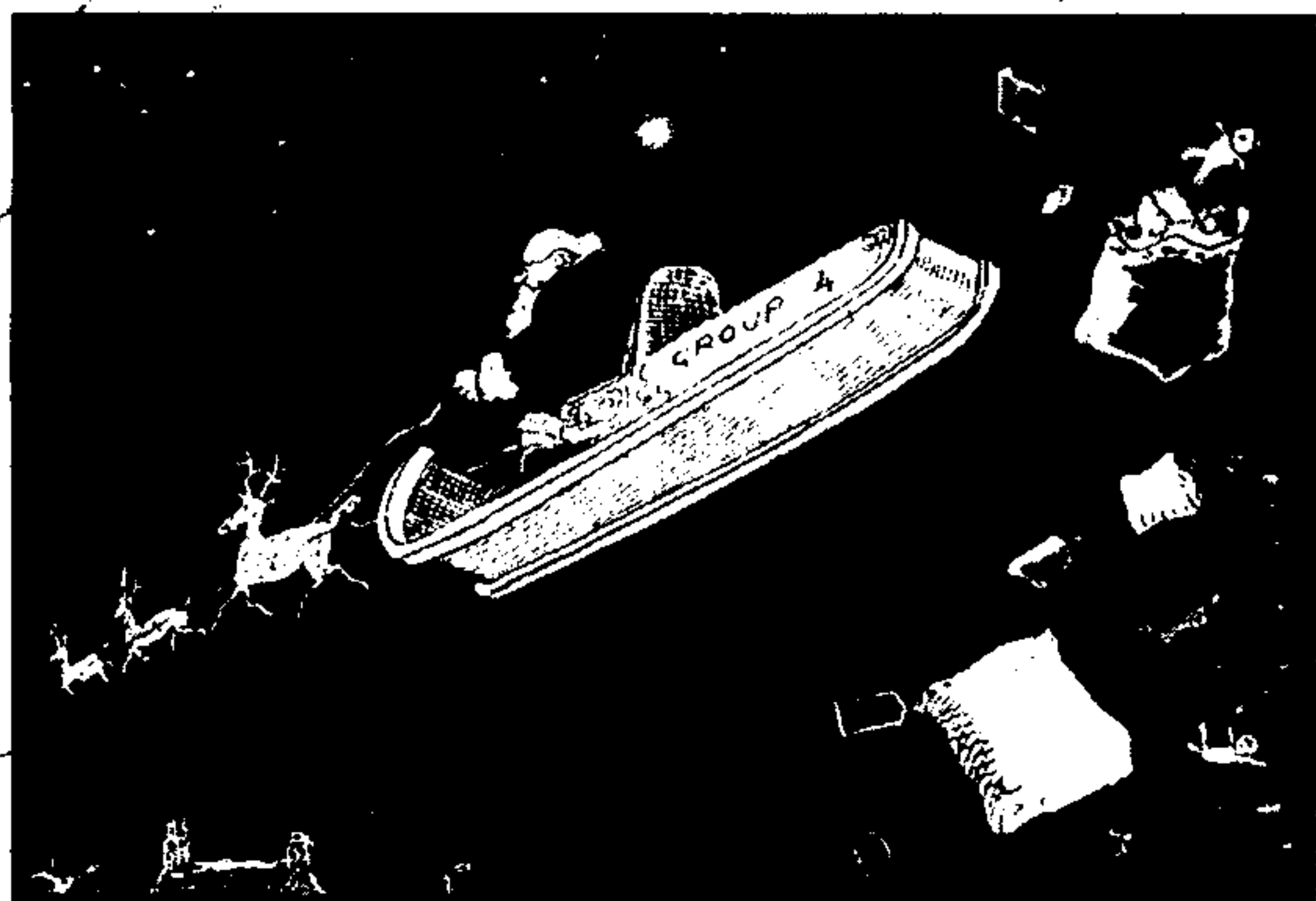


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